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Vol. 1 No. 3 One Dollar





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Directions

Vol. 1 No. 3, May 1977

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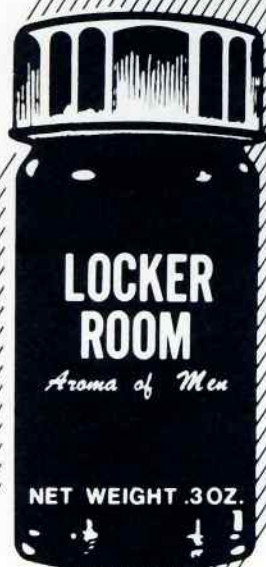
Cover photograph:
Norman Hatton

Letter from the Editor:

This time around, we thought we'd have a look at certain phenomena related to various trappings of the male image, plus a few of the more insolent, non-conformist notions of sexual experience. To some, even within the gay community, the trappings suggest rather self-conscious attempts to re-costume gossamer-winged fairy images with a more hearty approach to drag; the bedroom games, a chillingly banal revolt against stultified boredom with standard humping. But then, levis, leather and super-annuated masculinity are very much part of our sexist, role-playing culture. And when does a playful nibble become more or less than playful?



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Medifacts: Kinky Sex—Its Dangers

by Louis Parrish, M.D.

(GCO)— Having pointed out in my last article that we tend to label sex "kinky" when it is actively indulged in by *other* people, we must now examine the dangers of sexual practices beyond coitus and recognize the diseases that can result from several activities generally considered kinky. We must realize too that like the practices themselves, they are unusual diseases. As a matter of fact, they test the definition of the term "venereal disease."

Venereal diseases are generally considered to be those contracted from sexual intercourse of the common "garden variety." The most feared of these is syphilis; the most common, gonorrhea. Less familiar, but almost as important, is herpes (fever blisters) infections of the genitals. Reaching epidemic proportions in the short space of the last decade, herpes has become the second most frequent type of VD. However, unless one terms fellatio kinky, herpes is not contracted by unusual sexual activities.

Another disease that has reached epidemic proportions in the United States in the last decade is intestinal parasitosis: infection of the bowels with one cell organisms (amoebas) and/or worms. These diseases can be directly related to kinky sex. Even though they have existed from the beginning of time throughout the world, particularly in tropical countries, they have only recently taken on a venereal dimension. The reason for this is the increase in sexual diversions that are scatological, i.e. involving human excrement.

The diseases are passed from person to person by fecal matter. Contaminated water and uncooked foods are the most common way they are spread. But it is obvious that contact with an infected person through anilingus in particular, and anal intercourse—indirectly from transference of feces from the penis to the mouth, are prime modes of transmission.

Amebiasis is the most frequent parasitic infection of the bowel. It is a dangerous disease and is becoming a serious hazard to public health in several metropolitan areas. Any person suffering from fatigue, irregular bowels, lower abdominal cramps, increased gas, and alterations in the body's temperature control mechanism should consult a physician.

Even if you feel well, you may be an asymptomatic carrier and should become as concerned about contracting and spreading parasites as you are about the usual forms of VD.

Contracting an infection from ingesting urine or indulging in "water sports" is not very likely. Urine is usually sterile, and even should it be infected, the bacterial invaders are usually not harmful to the digestive tract. However, the urine does contain waste metabolites, and it is within the realm of possibility that these, in excess, could be toxic.

Besides infections, there are physical dangers in kinky sex. Inserting objects into the penis—such as metal probes and plastic catheters—can tear the mucous membranes of the urethra resulting in bleeding and scarring. There have been innumerable cases of swizzle sticks—inserted in a vain hope of stimulating an erection—getting lost in the bladder from which they must be surgically removed. The "cock ring," another attempt to produce or protract an erection, can impair the return venous flow of blood and cause edema (swelling) of the skin around the head of the penis.

The rectum is more frequently the site for lost sexual toys. Everything from candles to cucumbers, dildos to vibrators (the motor off, hopefully) have slipped from the fingers and been contracted by the anal sphincters into the rectal ampulla. Because they lodge behind the pubic bone, removal is difficult. Fortunately, nature usually rallies to the aid of the hapless pleasure seeker, and the object is passed (with the help of a dose of mineral oil) spontaneously.

A more important danger of these intrusive devices is trauma to the anus and the rectal mucosa. Although both of these anatomical structures have a respectable resistance and resiliency, it is still possible to scrape the skin in the anal canal and cause a fissure or to irritate the rectal mucosa and create a focus of infection.

These injuries are less serious than those that can result from the insertion of an animate object, viz. the fist. Considering the popularity of this vigorous sexual exercise, the incidence of damage remains surprisingly low. But when an accident occurs, it can be quite grave, even life-threatening.

The anal sphincters—there are two: one external and one internal at respective ends of the one inch anal canal—have an amazing capacity to dilate. The process is, however, slow, especially for the novice. Forced entry can tear the muscle fibres of the sphincter(s) apart, rendering the victim incontinent. This injury requires aggressive surgical

treatment and hospitalization for one or two months.

The danger is not over once the fist has slipped past a dilated anus. No matter how careful and experienced your partner may be, some unexpected movement or excessive probing and plunging can rupture the bowel wall.

Usually these injuries are the result of extreme passion or hedonism, when care is thrown to the winds. The narcosis of passion is the cause of many injuries beyond the the pleasure principle in sado-masochistic sex. Inflicting and suffering pain are the objectives, but they can be carried to extremes, particularly under the influence of drugs. Too often neither party realizes the damage that is being done until it is too late.

One must stop and wonder why any type of sexual expression—with the possible exception of masturbation—has always been complicated (stimulated?) by danger. Could nature be trying to tell us that since we were blessed with a thinking brain we ought to use it? It has been said that discretion is the better part of valor. Discretion should also be the better part of passion. ■

Dr. Louis Parrish is a psychiatrist and general practitioner, practicing primary medicine in New York City. He is the author of *No Pause At All: Living Through the Middle Years* (Readers Digest Press, 1976) and *Cooking as Therapy* (1975, now an Avon Paperback).

John Damien

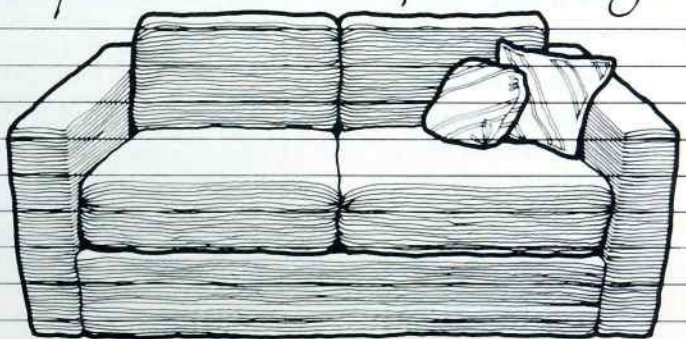
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Toronto Update: Directions to Note

by George Hislop

The **Manatee** has re-opened. It was like old home week with the place jammed to capacity. Except for a general sprucing-up, nothing has changed and the crowd seemed happy to be back. Derek told me that while the club was closed, he and Rene had visited London, Paris, Rome, Athens, and several other places, but Africa was the highlight. In Kenya a fertility dance was staged in their honour. Derek didn't say what he and Rene staged in return. Nice to have them, and the Manatee, back on the scene.

Maybe with summer coming, the crowd that gathers outside the Manatee on St. Joseph Street will make **The Garage**, next door, one of their pit-stops. Recently there was a meeting called by the neighbouring ratepayers to discuss the after-hours clubs and the noise on St. Joseph Street. The discos were found to be blameless, but the actions of their customers out on the street came in for a lot of criticism.

Checked out **David's** on a recent Friday night and caught the last part of the show there. **Ronnie**, in a stunningly designed white creation, was on stage performing his heart out and was followed by **Jacky**, who was totally immersed in Streisand. I'm sorry I didn't see all the show but it was nice to see Ron, who is such a nice guy, and Jacky, who used to phone CHAT when he was in High School and tell me of his ambitions to be in show business. Well there he is, and he's great.

Over at **Studio II**, great plans are afoot to expand and create an all-weather patio complete with a real tree. Jay says that if all goes well, he hopes to serve food, beer and wine in the future. Studio II is now open on Wednesdays for movies and games only (no disco-dancing). Cost \$2.00. The shows on the week-end are packed so get there early if you want a seat as the theatre seats about 100 comfortably and 200 *intimately*.

CHAT dances are increasing in popularity and the introduction of draught beer has been a very popular move. 201 Church St. every Friday and Saturday night. **The Spearhead** threw a very successful dance called the *Spring Thing* for all the gay community at the War Amp Hall on Wellesley St. W. Over 250 attended and many were turned away when the capacity was reached. Many of Toronto's gays discovered that the leather/denim crowd are fun and some of the leather and denim crowd discovered that some of the non-affiliated can also be pretty groovy.

That leather/denim bar that was heavily rumoured for Yonge and St. Joseph is dead. One group of participants couldn't come to terms with the owner.

The Carriage House is having another of its Sunday brunches, complete with entertainment. A call to Bernie Green at the hotel (416) 368-4823, will bring you all the details. The Carriage House will also host the Spearhead's Open General Meeting on Sunday April 24. Brunch commences at noon (\$4.00) meeting at 2 pm and on Mother's Day (May 8) the Judy Garland Memorial Bowling League banquet will be held there.

Maurice Jones, one of the employees of the **Quest** has been charged with theft from the bar of \$12,000 of which \$2,050 was recovered. The Quest should be charged with theft for charging 50¢ to check your coat (which is mandatory if you want to drink upstairs). Come on guys, let's be reasonable. You have one of the most popular bars in town, but the complaints on this issue are mounting up.

Reviews in the daily press of **Craig Russell's** appearance at the Theatre-in-the-Dell were quite favourable and applauded his great talent. Small gripe: were review tickets sent to the gay press? Or do we have to pay to get in order to tell the world that Craig is great. Frankly, Craig is worth the price but there is a principle involved.

By the time you read this, the **Club Granby** (a loose association of residents and friends of that infamous rooming house on Granby St.) will have held its Easter Party. They will have hunted for Easter Eggs in the strangest places. What colour of hankie does one wear and on which side?

Gay Youth Toronto following the trend of their elders, decided to hold a bowling party on a recent Saturday afternoon at that famous alley on Edward St. (the Olympia). Fun, fun, fun. GYT was also seen in full force at the Gay's at York dance which attracted over a hundred to the rather remote Steele's campus. Gays at York were guests at a recent Tuesday meeting of Gay Youth Toronto at 519 Church St. (7:30 pm). Recent changes in policy at the Church St. Community Centre now permit Gays under 16 to attend GYT meetings.

The latest craze of the bowling crowd is *roller skating*. If you see people hobbling into the **Parkside** on a Monday night you'll know that they've been on

their knees at the Terrace on Mutual Street. Everyone is welcome to come along.

Another group of gays are into tap-dancing, but they are a bit closeted. Maybe they will give a recital at Eaton Auditorium when they are proficient enough. Ah, memories of those recitals by pupils of Fanny Birdsall's Dancing Academy.

The old Eaton's College Street store is being remodeled and will expand and re-open with apartments, boutiques and offices as the College Centre. The story is that the Auditorium and Round Room will emerge re-furnished and intact. For lovers of Art Deco this is great news.

If you love **nostalgia**—those short "Do You Remember?" columns by N. Williams in the CHAT Newsletter will bring back memories. His first was about the Municipal Hotel on Queen St. W. and his latest is about the old Sapphire Tavern when it was on King St. W. across from the Commerce Court. Do you remember Letro's, the Times Square and Pickwick Room in the King Edward Hotel and Bowles lunch? The K-Y corner (King and Yonge)? Oh don't get me started or we'll be here for days.

Fat Frank, your friendly waiter at the Parkside will soon be out of the hospital where he underwent more operations on his eyes. If Frank ever really gets to see who the hell he's serving, it will be the end of the leather/denim crowd at the PS. Frank thinks they are a lovely group from the local IODE (and that's not the Independent Order of Demented Enemaists... or is it?).

My friend **Greb Hodiak** (he's really Donald Dack, but when he steps into a nearby shoe-box he emerges in his Viyella shirt, torn jeans, boots, mustache and butch voice) says that the **May Gay** where he's a regular attender, should have been re-named the Nuts and Boulders, instead of the **Triangle**. Greb is so irreverent.

At the Baths: The Richmond Street Health Emporium is putting out the **RS News**, a flyer that announces new and shorter hours and other changes at this popular bath. Richmond Street now opens at 6:00 pm Monday to Thursday, and closes at 8 am the next morning. From Friday at 4 pm to Monday at 8 am they are open 24 hours. Take a cab down and get a receipt, you'll get a dollar off for it. With discounts, you can get a locker on week-days for a dollar. Who could ask for anything more?

On Wednesday March 30, the **Club**

Bath had a rash of room robberies. They immediately reacted and have been weeding out those they believe to be responsible. Moral of the story: check your valuables at all baths. The Club has come back greatly since it added its new wet steam room and larger whirlpool bath. The common group therapy rooms also help a lot.

Over at the **Roman** on Bay St., the afternoons and the cocktail hour are still great, and the week-ends see line-ups for rooms. They must be doing something right—and they are.

At the **Barracks**, Jerry Levy (who was featured in the last issue of *Directions*) tells me that he's having problems getting copies of **Drummer**, an American leather/denim and bike magazine, into Canada for sale at the Barracks. It seems Canadian Customs objects to it.

And that brings me to the current issue (#32) of **The Body Politic** which has an excellent three pages on censorship. If you missed **Blueboy** on the stands, or noticed that **Mandate** had a different cover on its Canadian September issue than the one of two nude men holding one another that appeared on its American cover, then you can find out why in these articles.

The May edition of **Penthouse** was banned, leading to the placement by the publisher of a large ad in the Globe & Mail denouncing this nasty practice. The Toronto Star says in an editorial, "As long as the Criminal Code contains obscenity laws, the court remains the proper and the only place to settle such issues. Censorship at the border is not the way a democratic country is expected to operate." Depends on whose ox is being gored, doesn't it?

Among the groups and organizations around Toronto and the Province the following events have been occurring: **TAG** (Toronto Area Gays) has posted notices around town informing people of its group for married gay men. Call 964-6600 for details.

A notice at the Barracks announces the formation of a Canadian chapter of the **F.F.A.** (Fist-Fuckers of America). Ted, of Hamilton, is the contact person but you'll have to go to the Barracks and read the sign there for more information as I don't have his permission to publish his name.

John Lee of **The Gay Academic Union** and Professor of Sociology at U of T, held a delightful cocktail party to celebrate his first year in his old house on Logan Ave. The house is believed to

—continued on page 28

Submissions for Publication

Directions invites you to submit articles, stories and cartoons relevant to our gay theme for consideration.

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Business: Directions for success

by Peter Bochove



Peter Frost and Fred Goshine, owners of Disco Sounds.

If you were to walk into a small store at 3-D Grosvenor Street, you might be struck with the impression that you have just entered the world's smallest record store.

Racks of records, a wooden counter, a couple of turntables and a dog named Muff all occupy about the same space in which Sam the Record Man employees have lunch.

Don't let it fool you. **Disco Sounds of Canada Ltd.** is probably one of the most successful small businesses operating in Toronto. The store's owners, Peter Frost and Fred Goshine, have developed an excellent business under difficult circumstances and they are damn proud of it.

The store opened on April 4, 1975 and they put in all their resources (a total of \$1,080.00 and a lot of nerve), to get it on its feet. As Peter Frost, the gay partner, put it to me, "We had to break even the first month or we wouldn't have been able to pay the rent on the second."

Obviously Disco Sounds did pay the rent because, two years later, they are still in business and going strong. Unlike most record stores, Disco Sounds specializes. You are unlikely to find Ricky Nelson or Bobby Vinton on their shelves. To specialize in disco and soul, Peter tells me, seemed to be the

only way to go. The market is huge (Peter approximates 250,000 potential buyers in the city of Toronto), and yet, no one has ever gone after it in a big way.

Aside from the booming retail trade Disco Sounds does (50% estimated gay traffic), it also supplies every discotheque that is a discotheque with records as well as most of the disc jockeys, including the mobile ones. Peter always has the latest releases because he and Fred spend a lot of time travelling to New York and Montreal to ensure that their stock is ahead of anyone else's.

Peter Frost, amiable, slightly overweight, matches me, cigarette for cigarette (no mean feat as I can smoke with both nostrils), smiles when I ask him how the business has stood up to his expectations. He comes back again to the large disco/soul market in the city and reveals his expansion plans which, for Peter and Fred, are more than dreams.

The boys now own a company called **Gost Records Incorporated**, a parent firm that has two major functions. Gost Records is now set up and is actively wholesaling records to retail locations with heavy concentration on export to the United States. Again, this will do very well for them.

Gost Records, on the other hand, is

getting involved in more than just distribution and wholesale. Around the time of publication, Gost will be releasing their first record, "Ambabaia" by Colett, the first of many that I am sure will put Gost Records on the music map, and Peter and Fred on that long sought after easy street.

Do Peter and Fred have other plans? Yes. More retail space in the near future. Different products. Operations. Bars. Discotheques.

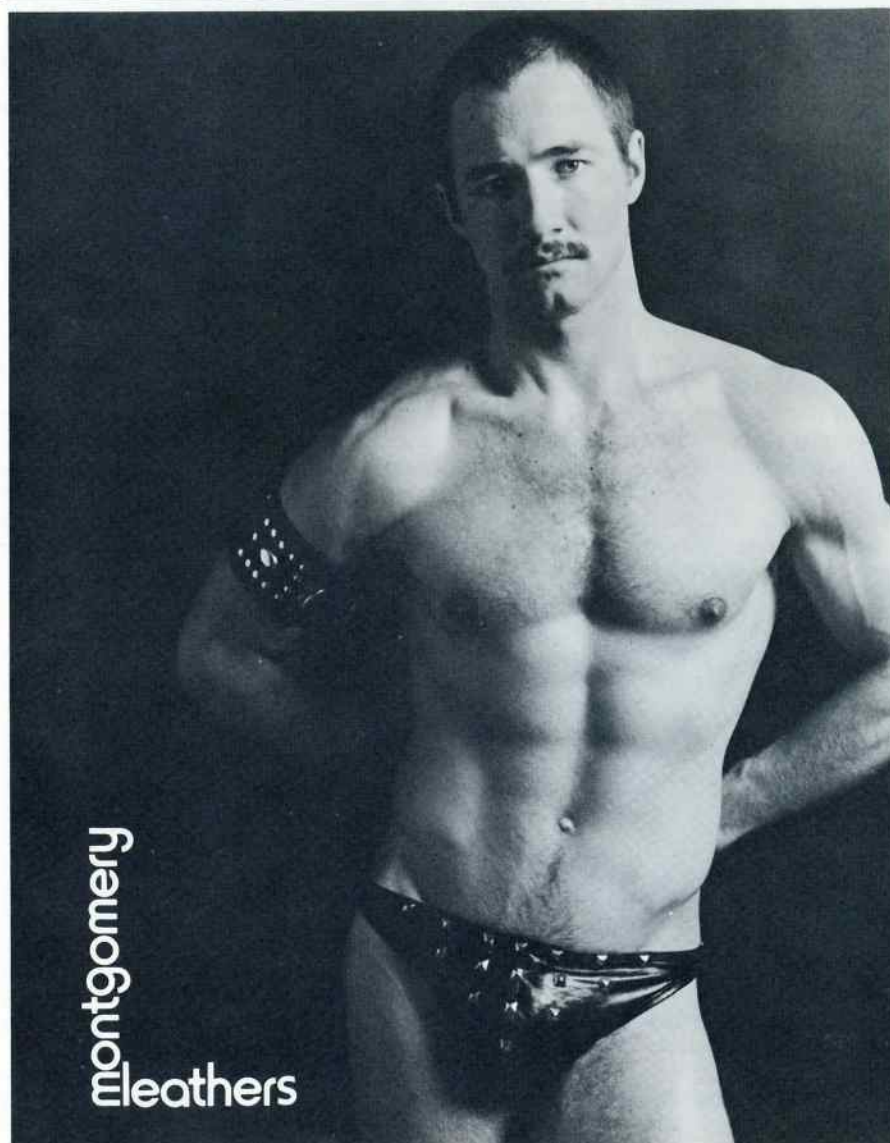
But why go to all that trouble? Peter sums it up simply. "I don't like doing my own typing and I just can't get up in the mornings. I like to work in my own way, as hard as I have to, but my work has got to be productive and interesting. I can

really only see that kind of a lifestyle with lots of things working in my favour."

I agree with you, Peter. It offends me to have to set my alarm at anything before noon and I dream of the day when I will be able to afford a private secretary to type these articles for me.

Until that time, like Peter Frost, Fred Goshine and every other entrepreneur like them, I will continue to work these strange, long hours, looking forward to the day when the most taxing thing I will have to do is go out and supervise the washing of my Rolls.

By the time that happens, I'll probably be too old and feeble to do it on my own. ■



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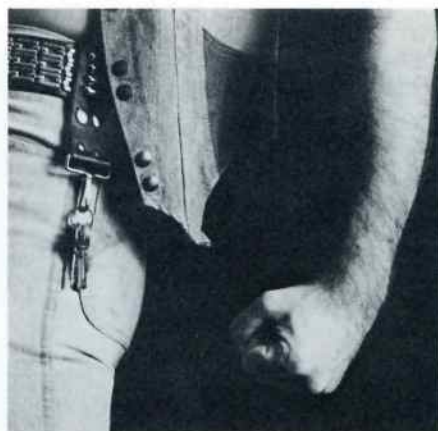
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Take a look at the placement form on page 36.

S/M



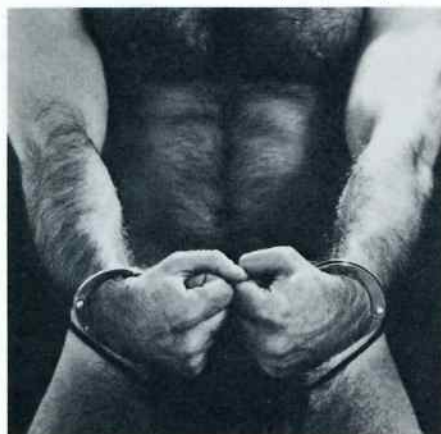
My own introduction to S/M sex came at the age of eight when I read an illustrated story book about the Middle Ages. One tale involved a young page-boy captured by brigands who, for some very good reason which I've forgotten, tied his hands behind him and fastened his feet in heavy bags of sand, making walking a very slow and laborious task. Fascinated, I returned again and again to the pretty young boy in his short tunic, straining his muscles in order to move, the expression on his face much more like ecstasy than torment.

Still, it was nothing more than fantasy until a few years ago when I was in my early 20's. I was on a bus one night, heading home, and caught the eye of a lanky, long-haired teenager who had been sitting across from me quietly reading a book. We only had time to smile and pass a few words before he came to his stop and had to get off, but I wrote my name and phone number in a book I had with me, and gave it to him. A few days later he called me and came over that evening. We listened to music for a while and ended up in bed. It turned out that before having sex he loved to be spanked and have a belt taken to his behind. I'd never done anything like that before but he was so eager and got so turned on by it that I really enjoyed it. We saw each other quite a few times after that, until he moved away about a year later. I would have 'come out' into S/M sooner or later anyway, but it was meeting Ron that first opened me up to the fact that I could live out the fantasies I'd had, enjoy them and share the enjoyment.

"Like homosexuality and some of the other variations of sexual behaviour, sadomasochism is taboo in our culture, although it is far from uncommon among both homosexuals and heterosexuals. Gay people, having crossed one taboo sexual frontier, are often more liberated about their sexual tastes,

but many gays balk at leather and S/M! There is just as much confusion and mis-information about fetishism and sadomasochism in straight society as there is about homosexuality, and much of it spills over into the gay world."

That's from *The Gay Mystique* by New York activist Peter Fisher, still one of the very few books where gays can find some sensible information about S/M. It's a subject many of us find fascinating, possibly attractive, very likely rather frightening. The casual, thoughtless use of the word 'sadist' to describe, say, a brutal rapist or a vindictive schoolmaster, the frequent



labelling of self-destructive or spineless people as 'masochists,' all serve to further the confusion.

The common conception of a 'sadist' is that of someone vicious, unfeeling; of a 'masochist,' someone weak, timid and self-hating. But sadism and masochism are sexual propensities only; a sadist (an 'S' in the jargon of the S/M 'leather' subculture) may very well be warm, affectionate and kind. A masochist (an 'M') may be decisive, creative, self-confident and sunny.

And the most important thing that people often don't realize about sadomasochism within the S/M subculture

and the gay world is that it includes a very wide variety of activities, all of them totally voluntary. The belief that all S/M involves pain or even 'torture' naturally leads an outsider to think, "How can pain be pleasurable? How can anyone enjoy inflicting pain?" and to conclude that people are coerced into being unwilling victims. In fact, an S/M relationship not only is intended to be satisfying for everyone involved, it *must* be satisfying or it won't work. Page-boy fantasies or not, I'd never have enjoyed taking a belt to my friend Ron if he hadn't been so obviously in ecstasy over it.

As Pete Fisher puts it, *"Though someone may play the role of a victim in acting out a fantasy, no one is to be victimized. People who will not play by these rules are not welcome in the game and are shunned by the regulars in the S/M crowd."* The 'pain' or 'humiliation' that masochists like to receive and sadists like to give is invariably 'pain' and 'humiliation' within the bounds of a particularly erotic scenario or relationship. Usually, they are no more interested in unpleasant situations *outside* these closely-defined erotic limits than is anyone else.

I suppose most of us have had fantasies of activities that would be classified as S/M—being overpowered, 'swept off our feet,' dominated; perhaps chasing and catching someone attractive, stripping his clothes off, 'forcing' him to submit, and so on... Even the games we play as children reflect such fantasies; remember playing cowboys and Indians and thoroughly enjoying tying one another up?

Almost any sexual activity which deviates from the heterosexual 'missionary position' within the sanctions of marriage tends to lead away from inflexibility and inhibition, and toward freedom and exploration, both emotional and physical. It opens doors

Sadomasochism is an area of experience which only its adherents truly understand. Others see superficial signs and symbols, jump to misguided conclusions about its nature and react badly. In this frank and detailed article, Ian Young offers some honest insight and commonsense information for innocents, neophytes or cognoscenti.

—and S/M is one of the areas to which the doors lead.

An anti-sexual society has taught us, especially those of us who are homosexual, that if we *must* have sex, it should at least be moderate, restrained, private, quick, quiet and resolutely monogamous—and of course, follow very definite circumscribed procedures. But for many of us, gays especially, this just won't do; we are too imaginative, too inventive, the people we meet are really too attractive, our heads are too full of pictures and possibilities. Why not act them out? And we do. Some go no further than a little 'rough sex' in bed; others go far out.

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Taking the step from fantasy to reality isn't really that difficult, but it can be just as frightening to contemplate as 'coming out' all over again. People are afraid of the change in their self-image. Just as someone who begins to recognize his or her homosexual desires is afraid of becoming stereotyped, the same fear assails the gay who wants to live out his S/M fantasies. Fortunately, if he can take that first step, he usually finds that realities, both mundane and exciting, crowd out the stereotypes and preconceptions. It helps to see your sexuality as self-expression rather than self-definition.

Once you've decided to experiment with S/M, the problem is how to meet someone else who's interested and interesting. You might just be lucky, as I was in meeting Ron on the bus. But for a beginner on the S/M scene, the best ways to find congenial people are through advertisements and in leather bars. Some people look down on ads as a way of meeting people; I think they're rather a good idea, especially for people with specialized tastes.

There are various motorbike and leather social clubs of course, but beginners usually don't come in contact

with them; many of these are very well organized and often maintain close contact with similar groups in other cities, countries and continents. These groups are among the best-functioning and longest-lasting organizations in the gay world, and while they often limit their memberships because of sheer logistics (not enough room at the meeting place, etc.) they're usually very friendly and make visitors from other centres feel welcome. These clubs are true social organizations; they don't exist just for sex.

Another good thing about the leather social world is that it's much less age-



ist than most of the gay subculture. Older gays are very much a part of the scene, experience is respected and youth, while admired, is not so exclusively idolized.

In any leather bar, most of the people will be interested in S/M, bondage, 'discipline' or inventive sex to some degree. The easiest way to tell who's who is by observing the keys. A bunch of keys hanging from the left side of the belt means 'S,' sadist, master, dominant. From the right means 'M,' masochist, slave, submissive. A ring or chain in the epaulette of a jacket (usually black leather) serves the same purpose. It's a

simple and serviceable system, though not foolproof. People new to the scene or tourists trying to go native often wear the keys on the left, even though they usually dig the M role (there are at least five times as many true M's as true S's!). But beginners often have the mistaken notion that it's somehow more butch to be S. It isn't. As they get accustomed to the scene and more self-accepting, they naturally try the M role, partly because that's what turns them on, partly because with little or no experience they very seldom make good S's.

I've never really respected the guy who insists he's *exclusively* S (unless he's an older man who's been into the scene for a long time and is past the conventional macho hangups and sexist assumptions). The young 'exclusive S,' unless he's had a lot of experience as an M, tends to lack empathy and often be as hung up about his own 'masculinity' as the fellow who'll fuck and not be fucked. As a result, he's not as good a 'master.'

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One important thing in S/M sex is that the rules are made by the individuals involved in the relationship. Anything goes if you want it. Some favourite fetishes and activities include domination and the giving of orders, spanking and strapping (usually on the buttocks), boots, leather and denim clothing, bondage and physical restraints of various sorts (gags, handcuffs, shackles, leather thongs), symbolic humiliation with slave-collars, enemas...anything goes.

Say you meet someone in a leather bar who turns you on. You've talked briefly but are not sure what kind of scene he likes. Chances are if he's interested, he'll be asking you. But don't be afraid to find out what he's into, and if you want to get it together, agree on the limits beforehand. If you're playing the M role, as you should be at first, there

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are probably certain things a particular S is going to insist on doing in a scene and if a slave lets him know he just won't take them, the S may well not be interested. You may lose an opportunity, possibly a very good scene. So you should keep your list of real 'don'ts' to an absolute minimum. It's a standard technique of masters not to let the slave know quite what to expect (this is true even during a session—the M may be blindfolded all or part of the time). Often a master enjoys keeping his slave off-balance, anxious but curious, a bit apprehensive, yet eager. An experienced M comes to expect this—it helps establish who's in charge and adds to the excitement.

But the general rules of a session are always understood beforehand by the parties involved. Sometimes they are worked out down to the last detail, perhaps in writing before the parties even meet. Or they can be merely intuited. And here's where the perceptiveness of each partner comes in.

The M's assessment of the S before agreeing to a scene consists basically of: (1) does he—or what he's into—turn me on? and (2) can I trust him? And if the answer to the second question isn't a pretty certain 'yes,' the scene will be passed up (for the time being). I'm talking about the basic trust of a person's character now. I've had M's tell me they 'almost don't want to trust' the S—that's part of the thrill; even so, a basic feeling of acceptance and confidence must be there.

The S's perceptions are no less important, and come into play in the scene itself. He must be able to assess his partner's wants—and possibilities—to know where the M's head is at, gauge his reactions, know how he's being affected at all times, how far he's going to want to go and how far he can be taken (beyond where he thinks he wants to stop) without frightening him, freaking him out or turning him off. In other words, how to give the M the maximum enjoyment.

The more aware and sensitive the S, the more capable he'll be. But often it is the M who sets up the ritual, the fantasy situation and the limits (the choreography of the session). Later, he can be brought by slow degrees to accept and enjoy what the master wants to give him. But in any scene the M is the crucial factor; two people can have a pretty good scene even if the S is not especially turned on (if he's a good S). But if the M isn't turned on, there's no scene.

Often, in a good session, it is the slave who really runs things and the master who serves the slave's pleasure by giving him exactly what he wants. The master becomes a character in the slave's fantasy and draws his own pleasure largely from giving pleasure to his lover. Who then is really the master, who the slave? Masochist/master, sadist/slave: which is which? In fact, each partner is both master and slave. The relationship must be an equal one, or the meaning—and the excitement—are lost.

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At the very least, if no other arrangements

are made before a session, the M can be told a signal he can give (even if gagged, blindfolded and tied) should there be a real problem or if he starts to turn off or freak out. This seems to me just good sense, though some M's don't like to have that 'out' as it detracts from the feeling of total powerlessness.

This is what happened in the first session I had with one teenage boy. We'd met a few months ago in The Spike, which is a well-known leather bar in New York. Kit was 18, with a bright, boyishly pretty face and big, downcast eyes; as soon as I saw him I was determined to take him home with me. He wasn't wearing the usual black-leather or all denim outfit of the leather bars. Kit had on a leather jacket, but it was blue and yellow—unheard of in places like the Spike.

The Spike is a large, open bar, and that particular night was one of their frequent film nights. Picture about 100 or more leathersmen of all ages, most of them standing in a horseshoe around three sides of the room, the rest leaning on the bar or moving slowly around in the darkness.



I stood a few feet away from Kit where he could see me and where I could get a good look at him. He was wearing his keys on the right, though he didn't need to: some M's leave no doubt to the knowing eye. As I watched the boy absently looking at the film, a big, thickset older guy in full leather came up to him and started doing a number on him there in the bar. He ran his big hand up and down the boy's chest for a while, he put his fingers in the kid's mouth, unbuttoned the boy's shirt and played with his nipples, all the while maintaining an impassive, almost grim expression...

All this went on for five or ten minutes and by that time, I began to figure that Kit would go home with this guy. But I noticed that Kit, while not drawing away, wasn't expressing too much interest either. Soon, the older guy suddenly walked away, leaving Kit standing there with his shirt undone and a wet face. I caught his eye and made my move.

We spent less than an hour at the bar, found out we really like each other and ended up taking a taxi back to my place. That brings me to the point I was making. When I

asked Kit, "Well, what would you *like* me to do to you?" he said simply, "Anything. Whatever you want." No limits and no requests—an S's dream. Naturally I put him through a few hours of my favourite master and slave-boy fantasy trip; he got off on it terrifically and it was probably the best session I've ever had.

Later it turned out that Kit's best fantasy is pretty much exactly the obverse of mine. When I asked him why he hadn't told me what he wanted, he said that other times he'd done that (he'd had five or six previous scenes) if a master didn't particularly want to do something, he just wouldn't do it even if a slave asked or begged for it. Secondly, he wanted to see what I was into—perhaps thinking of the future, perhaps just to experiment. The third reason was that he trusted me.

My own particular turn-on is a highly aesthetic, visual one and very involved with my having an effect on another person, and this has a lot to do with my usually playing the S role. I enjoy being able to watch the face and body and responses of whoever I'm with while not having to be 'on camera' all the time myself. It's almost standard procedure in a session for an S to forbid his slave to look at him unless told to. Hoods and blindfolds can add to the effect so that the S can be aware of the effect he is having, while the M enjoys the sensations he's brought through.

On those occasions when I've played the M role, my tendency is to want to tell the guy I'm with precisely what to do to me—and to get rather turned off if he doesn't go along. I still want to be dominant. Maybe I've just never met the right master yet. But to get back to Kit: being aware of my own inhibitions, I find his total trust, even that first time we met, to be moving. I admit I don't know whether I could have that kind of courage.

That complete submissiveness (always given the underlying confidence in the partner) may be what distinguishes the true, or most 'natural' M; and the more submissive the better, for many S's. Yet there is a powerful attractiveness about the rebellious, resentful slave who refuses orders, tries to rebel and is proud and stubborn. His attitude is deeply ambivalent—he may love the physical sensations of bondage, beating, etc., but half-hate and resent the humiliation. He may feel subconsciously that as long as he 'fights' what he has put himself into, he can't be blamed for it, it is not his responsibility. However he might brook against his punishment, he knows that he cannot win, and he will always come back for more. What he wants is ultimately the same as the more submissive slave—to be humiliated and made to obey. Mastering this kind of slave takes a more experienced and self-disciplined master and can be risky but challenging and exciting.

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The enjoyment of humiliation and embarrassment in S/M is probably as difficult for outsiders to understand as the enjoyment of pain. Any short explanation is necessarily

S/M

grossly simplified, but both humiliation and embarrassment involve a stripping away of the ego and its usual defences, a becoming (or making someone else become) aware of different levels of the self, or the effect of others. For many this discovery of themselves is the essence of S/M relationships.

But whether 'humiliation' or a particular fantasy or psychodrama or simply certain physical sensations are more important to you, S/M is going to further the exploration of both body and emotions. In an article I wrote for the San Francisco gay journal *Gay Sunshine*, I made the point that "disciplined and consensual sadomasochism is essentially a spiritual endeavour; pain as such is not of prime importance. The main aim, as in religion, in drugtaking and in magic, is the attainment of breakthrough, of heightened awareness. There may be pain, but the pain is a means to the intensified consciousness."

So you've gone to a bar or answered an ad, and found someone you dig. You've gone home with him. You trust him and know what each other are into. No matter how wild the fantasies you've had in your head, how prepared you think you are or how much confidence you have in the guy you're with, chances are when the reality of your situation hits you (perhaps when you're tied, naked, face down on the bed and you hear the *click* of handcuffs closing on your wrists behind you)—you'll panic. The groovy scenes you've imagined will seem miles away, and all you'll want to do is blurt out, "Look, this really isn't for me after all—let me get out of here!" Chances are, too, that your S, knowing you're a beginner, will be expecting just this, and will know how to deal with it, how to calm you down, reassure you, threaten you a little if he feels that'll do the trick, and take you into what he knows you really want.

Last summer, I met Paul, a friendly young guy who was looking for his first real scene, and, knowing he had no experience to speak of, I was ready for that moment of panic. I could hardly have failed to notice the tall, dark-haired guy cruising me. I was to meet a friend who was having a drink in the pub across the street, so I went off to join him. I met Paul on the street half-way there. I said hello and invited him to come to a restaurant with us. After dinner my friend went off to a dance club while Paul and I adjourned to my friend's hotel room.

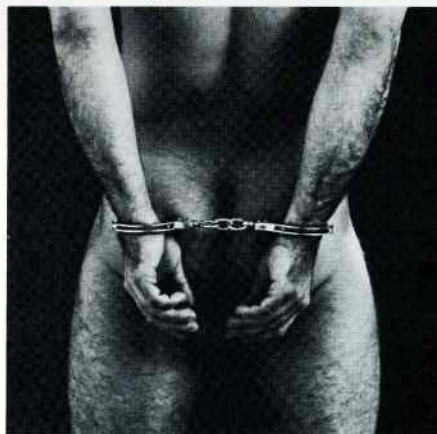
I don't remember that we talked very much about S/M, but obviously Paul was very attracted to me, and I think I just sensed what he wanted. When I put a studded leather slave-collar around his neck, he started to get quietly turned on. I was picking up on some subliminal signals that told me I could take him fairly far even on his first session. That was confirmed when I got some restraints on him (Japanese handcuffs and a pair of old leather and iron military shackles—comfortable but heavy) and he knew he was under control from then on; he didn't panic.

I put him through an hour or two of humiliation and bondage with a lot of ass strapping. He got very turned on by it all, the moreso as he hadn't really known what to expect or quite how much he'd like it. Some time later, I took him round to a private leather club and told him more about the scene. Though he had (and still has) a lover who isn't into S/M, he himself was a natural M who knew what he wanted and was very willing to explore.

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The relationship Paul has with his lover is not uncommon; I've known a few long-term (but not monogamous) relationships where one partner is into S/M and the other isn't. They often work well, especially if the S/M partner is an S, in which case there seems to be less cause for concern or jealousy. Long-term relationships between S and M happen too, of course, or between two S's; and as people aren't usually rigidly one thing or the other, roles may change or alternate. Some even switch roles within a session.

One school of thought, exemplified by William Carney in his S/M novel *The Real*



Thing, maintains that the slave/master situation should ideally prevail outside the actual sessions and be the basis of the whole relationship. The California writer Robert Payne, in his *The Care and Training of the Male Slave*, puts it this way: "Remember, to truly dominate your slave, you must have as your key, knowledge of the things that turn him on. As your domination increases, you will find yourself doing the thinking and the planning for the two of you... Psychologically you will have found humiliation, rough talk, mild but constant punishment and not-to-be-ignored instructions useful. But the desire to serve you, care for you, wait on you and identify himself as part of you is an intangible that depends on your charisma."

There is certainly a 'charisma' surrounding the stunning S who is sensitive and skillful enough to draw an M out and use the M's desires to enforce his own rule. But personally, I'm not such a purist as Carney or Payne about the limits of that rule. Sex apart, I like a fairly unstructured relationship of equals; close, friendly and gentle, with a minimum of role playing, so that both people

can build the relationship on their own terms and grow into it naturally.

Like many impractical people, I tend to feel very responsible and protective towards those I'm fond of; and that attitude comes out in my sexuality rather than the master/slave fantasy intruding into the rest of my life.

To return to your own first exploration, your first few scenes may not excite you as much as you'd hoped; some may even turn you off. But they're invaluable for just teaching you what you do and don't like.

I once answered an ad placed by a guy named Steve, a handsome young S in New York City who was involved with one of the gay lib organizations there. He'd sent me a photo which really turned me on. When I arrived at his apartment (at *precisely* the time ordered) I barely had time to look at him before he had me turn around and then put a blindfold over my eyes. After a few preliminaries like having me kiss his boots and be led around on all fours, he stripped and spreadeagled me on a mattress face down and started on some light punishment. All the omens had been good—he'd been as turned on by my photo as I was by his—but as it turned out, the scene wasn't very good and we killed it before too long.

Being spreadeagled and tied isn't especially my thing and, at the time, I thought that was why I couldn't get excited. In fact, as I realized later, the blindfold was what did it. As I've said, my own turn-on is highly visual, and for me, not being able to see Steve's face and body as he worked on me simply turned me off. He told me later that he'd worked the same trick—immediate blindfolding—on other guys who hadn't met him before, with terrific results, and I can believe it. For many, the mystery and fantasy of anonymity would be powerful turn-ons. For me, it just didn't work, at least not done so early on in the session. So, even though the session wasn't so good, I learned something.

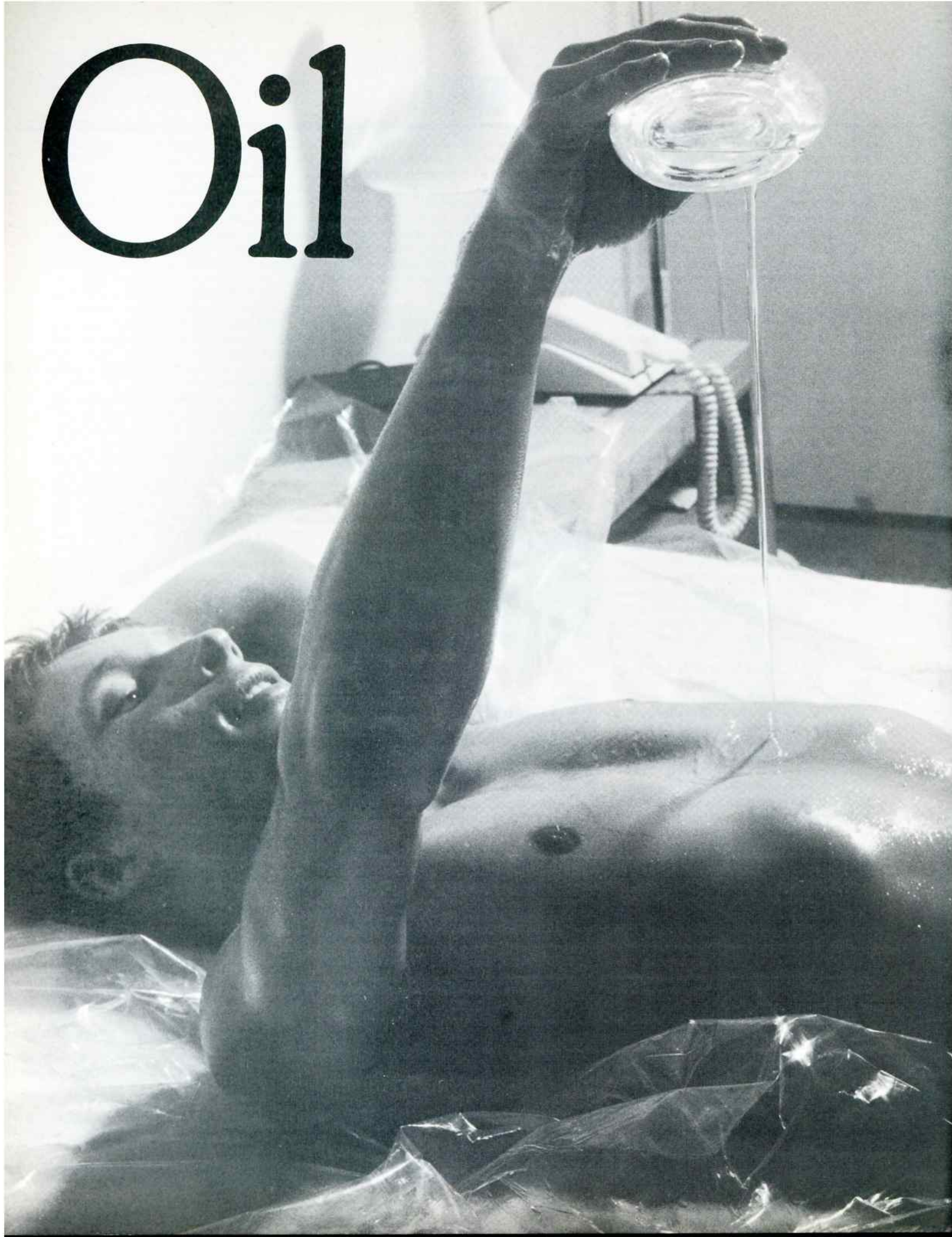
Virtually all the people I've met, men and women, who are into the leather scene, have known very well what they want and what they're doing. They've had the perception to recognize their own desires and the courage to act on them, and for the most part, they're pretty levelheaded, empathetic and straightforward.

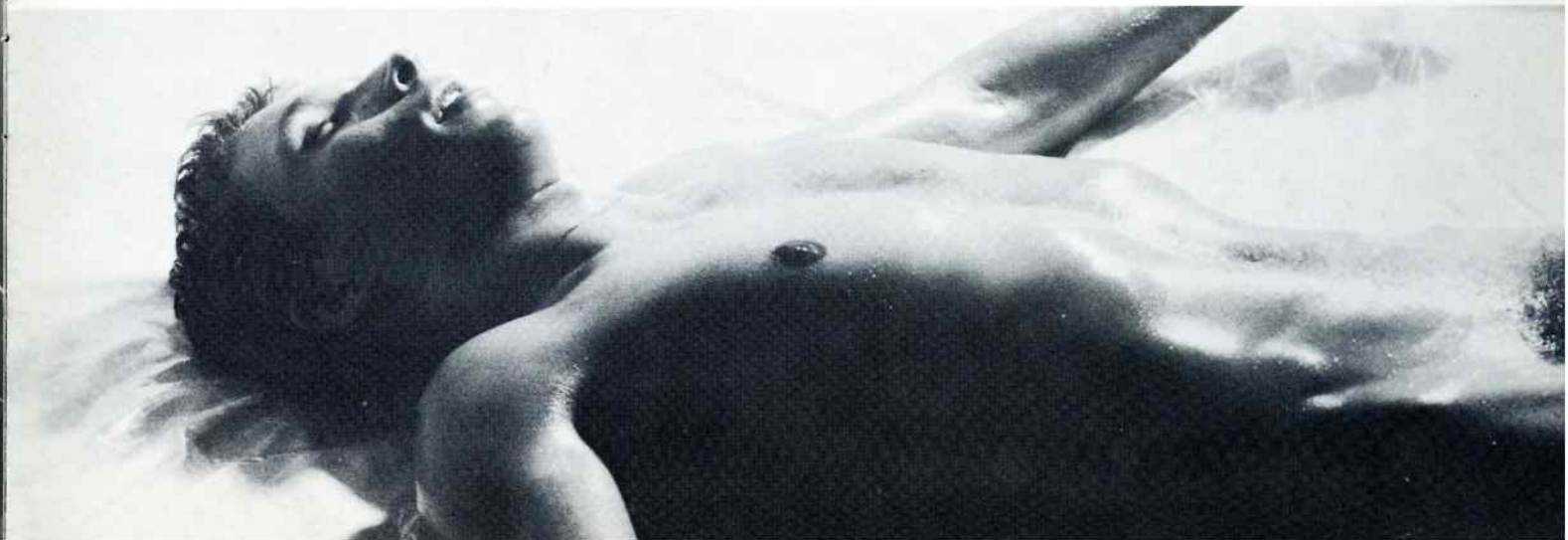
The great majority of people would probably never be able to understand S/M; it seems likely to remain, as one pair of writers termed it, "the last taboo." Admittedly, that's part of its attraction.

I don't claim to have 'all the answers,' but if you have any questions you think I might be able to help with—or any suggestions or different points of view—I'd like to hear from you. Just write *c/o Directions*. I'll be glad to help out if I can. ■

Ian Young is best known as a poet; his several published books include *Double Exposure* and the well-known gay anthology, *The Male Muse*. His poems and articles have appeared in many anthologies and periodicals in the United States, Canada and Britain. —Editor

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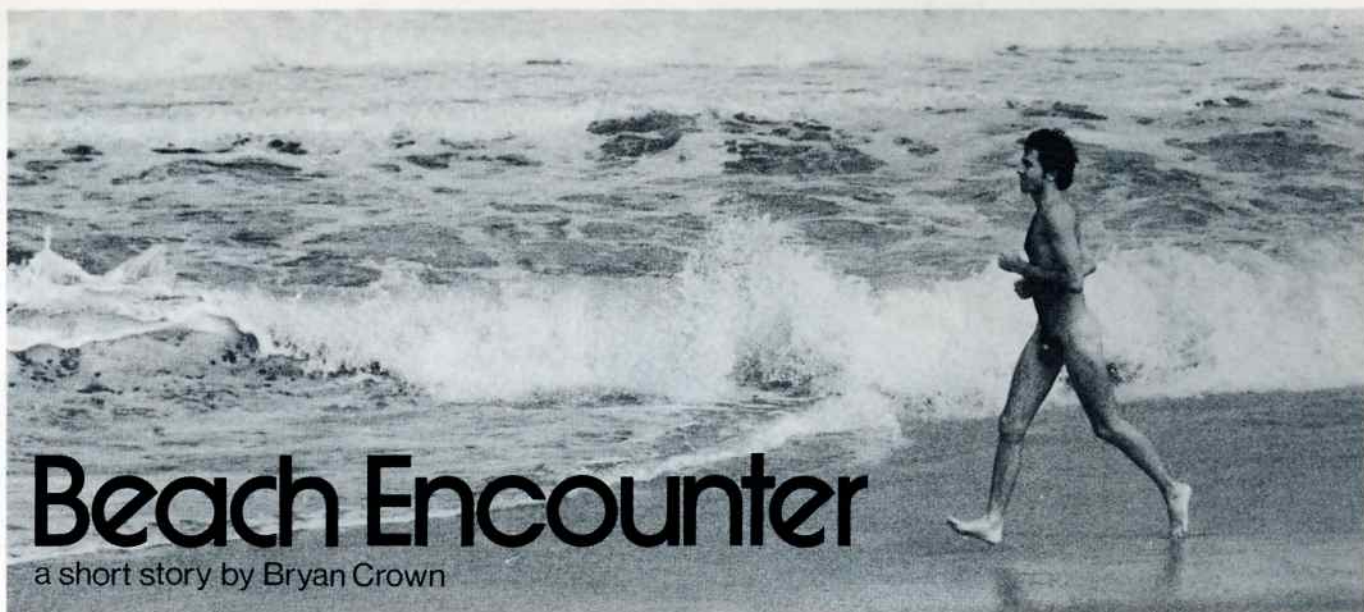












Beach Encounter

a short story by Bryan Crown

The morning sun is hot on my body. The blanket-covered pillow of sand sacrifices me to the burning rays. A thousand fiery fingers, hot and lusty, roam my skin and centre their heat in my nylon-clad crotch where desire builds up to a hard brilliance. The sun, I muse, is an erotic sphere. I stretch myself toward its heat and blindly abandon my body to its caress. Rain clouds threaten in the west.

Three boys appear on the beach, together, yet one seems apart and intent on something else. Cupped in one hand against his snug denim cutoffs is a mass of shells picked at random from the tide's morning offering. He stoops to add to the hoard and, retreating from the waves' approach, moves up the sand closer to my position, kneels and lets the shells clatter back to the sand. His two companions wave and move down the beach.

He is handsome. Long dark hair falls lightly over his forehead and frames the wide darkly-lashed eyes and strong straight nose. His slim brown arms rest easily on the smooth swell of his thighs as he kneels before his collection of shells. The denim cutoffs strain to contain his full firm flesh. He bends forward giving his slim smooth back to the sun and, clearing debris from the sand before him, begins placing the shells in an orderly fashion depicting I know not what. I watch his progress trying to grasp his purpose... letters? initials? a word? a message to the sea? to me?

He bends forward and, out of the jumble of collected bits treasured from the sand this morning—the innermost spiral of a sand-scrubbed conch shell, a smooth bronze pebble scored with a flash of green, a small twig worn and bleached of its skin shaping the letter F, along with the crumpled Winston's box from home hiding among its several occupants two fat joints and a Saran-

wrapped cache of Columbian—that bulge the breast pocket of his T-shirt, a pale blue lighter slips and falls unnoticed to the sand. He continues to align the shells.

The sun continues to caress me. I notice it less. Breaking from its embrace, I approach the youth. "You've dropped your lighter," I offer. "Yeah, I did, thanks." He rests his buttocks lightly on his heels and looks up at me. I look back, then down at his interrupted work. "It spells LOVE," I note. "Yes, I couldn't think of a better word," is the quick reply. Again I search his face for a clue. "Like to go for a walk?"

We walk up the beach away from his companions who seem content to play innocently in the sand. The sun struggles with the rain clouds and loses. It grows dark. The breeze is suddenly cool on our flesh. We smoke a joint. The clouds open, the rain overtakes us and we laugh. The flood of raindrops envelops down our bodies. My trunks are spotted with its wetness. His T-shirt and denims cling wetly. Raindrops throw themselves upon us. All around, the sand is pockmarked with their assault. Rain, I muse, can be erotic too.

We seek shelter. The grotto cleared amid the palmettos lining the beach is the perfect place. We hurry toward its entrance, marked by day with footprints over a fallen log, by night an empty Clorox bottle impaled on a branch signals a welcome. This morning it is the perfect shelter. It is empty.

The sandy floor is already soaked by the drip from a broad-leaved roof. There is a blanket. We drape it over a tangle of branches to form a tent and crawl within. The rain soaks through the folds and drips annoyingly on us. We fashion a many-poled bigtop and the drip stops. He removes his shirt and wrings water from it. It's too wet to put on again.

His chest is broad and hairless. His

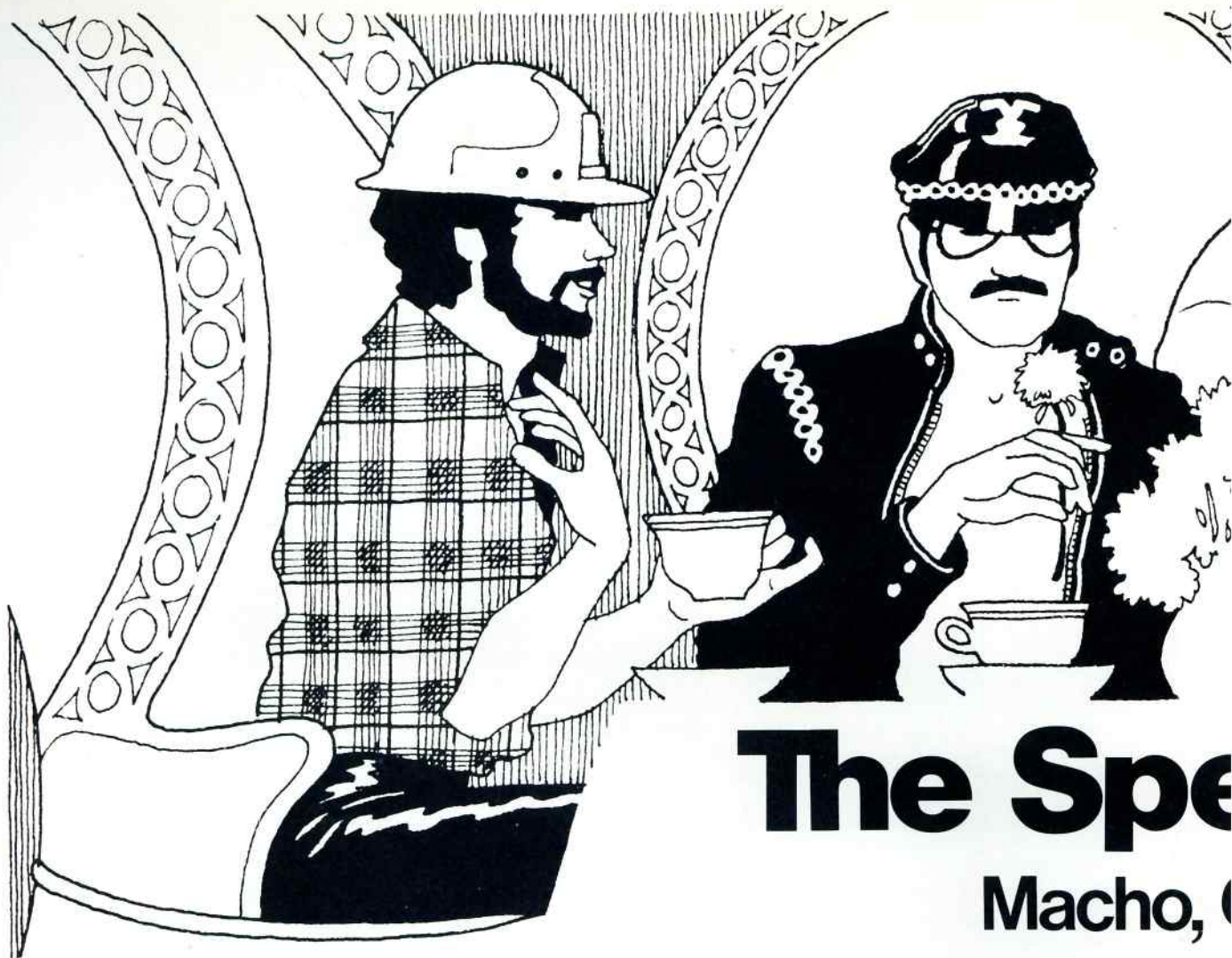
nipples are smooth and peaked. A trickle of navel hair descends to a broad tangle and disappears beneath the cutoffs. He shivers with the wet. We are close. The rain stops.

He is cold. I reach around him to rub the chill from his back and shoulders. His flesh is firm and warm under my hands. He touches me. I close my arms. We embrace. We kiss. Four hands explore two bodies. The chill is gone.

His zipper opens easily and I strip the wet cutoffs from his body. He peels my trunks from me. Leaning back against the bent trunk of a palmetto, I pull his body to mine and hold him tightly. The heat is sweet. A shudder of desire tears through his body. I take his weight in my arms. Nimbly placing a foot against the bent trunk on either side of me, he grasps an upper branch and hoists his body over mine. Slowly lowering again and finding the target of his blind search, he impales his body with mine. A long moan of ecstasy escapes his throat accompanying his descent. He clings to me, head shaking, disbelieving the pleasure he feels. I move my body in his. The heat enveloping me is intense. Time is suspended. The world does not exist. Our bodies move in unison against each other. He stiffens, shudders and cries out. I plunge upward. We explode together.

Slowly, control returns to our bodies as we relax, flushed and sated in each other's embrace. The palmetto is smooth against my back. Specks of sunlight trickle through the green-leaved roof. A gull cries.

Outside the grotto, the sun is blinding-bright again. We stroll at water's edge back to his pattern of shells in the sand. The tide has not reached them yet. Taking a few from the small pile of unused shells, I add the letter 'D' to our message to the ocean. Tomorrow it will be gone. There will be no reply. ■



The Spe

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If any mystery surrounds The Spearhead affiliation of Toronto, it likely originates in the minds of those who know little about the gay denim/leather community, understand even less, and probably imagine the worst. The uninformed will tell you, with feigned authority, that these 'leather types' might invade your home, forcibly steal you away, and in some hidden place subject you to sexual horrors and bodily harm beyond imagination. One suspects that such fantasy stems from an earlier period when black leather and well-faded levis were the exclusive uniform of outlaw bikers. Certainly the older generation will confirm that "that's the way it was," according to the movies and paperbacks of *their* day. How times have changed. Although the same 'uniform' remains the accepted and recognized attire for serious bikers all over the world, it has also become the wardrobe of that segment of the gay community that tags itself as the levi/leather fraternity.

The Spearhead, now in its eighth year, is such a fraternity. Based in Toronto, Spearhead membership approximates 130 to 150 men, almost half

of them from other Canadian and U.S. cities. But, all of them are acknowledged participants in "the denim/leather scene."

The phrase stimulates imagination and curiosity: what *is* the denim/leather scene? Is it an S/M trip? Is that what Spearhead is all about? What kind of people are members? Are they into drugs? Are they simply a big drinking/sex group? And on, and on, and on.

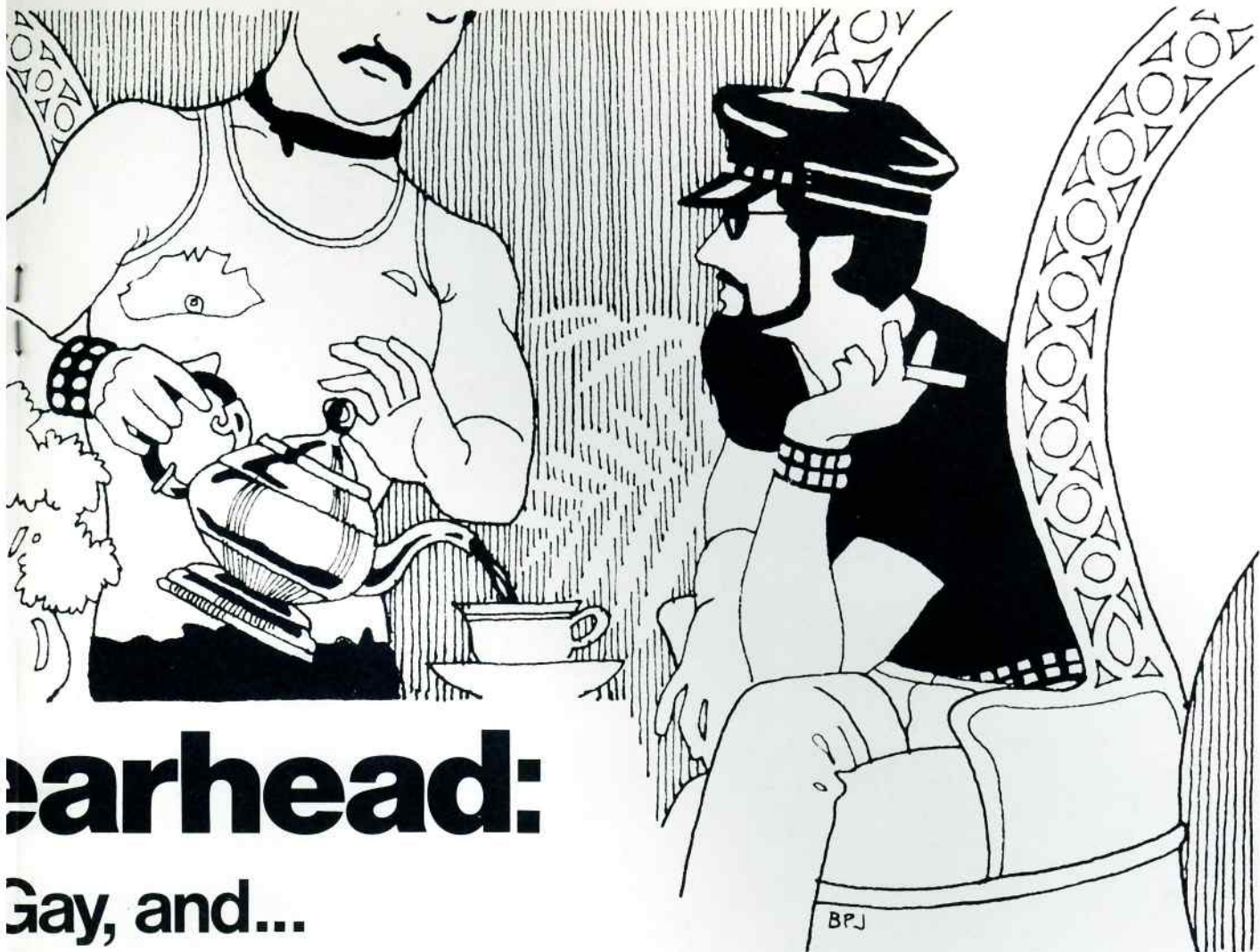
Although answers to questions often prompt new questions which inadvertently remain unanswered, The Spearhead profile is certainly one of the most interesting success stories within Toronto's gay community, if not in all of Canada.

In levi/leather circles, The Spearhead represents a quite different breed of cat. It is not a *club*, in the more familiar interpretation of the word. It is an *affiliation*, its prime purpose being to 'identify' gays who prefer the unique comradery and super macho posture associated with the L/L world.

Although highly structured, with elected executives and assorted working committees, a man accepted into Spearhead membership is not obligated

in any way to actively participate in affiliation projects or business matters. Nor will he jeopardize his membership through failure to attend affiliation meetings or functions. On the other hand, if he chooses to become involved—to give of his time, interest and assistance—there are abundant opportunities to do so. These are the differences that have made The Spearhead concept so desirable to so many.

Is Spearhead a promoter of S/M activities? Not according to *The Spearhead Constitution*, the bible of the organization. And not according to the Executive and Directors, whose responsibility it is to represent its members and Spearhead policies. Nonetheless, with over 100 members from all avenues of life and all corners of the continent, it would be folly to insist that S/M games do *not* take place. The Spearhead executives are the first to acknowledge this point, with no apologies, for as they say, the very nature of the L/L cult tends to attract some people who lean towards the 'kinky' in their bedroom gymnastics. And 'kinky' can mean anything from simple nipple play to master/slave boot worship.



Spearhead: Gay, and...

However, Spearhead control is quietly there. Members know that any untoward behaviour, private or public, which brings embarrassment or shame to the Spearhead name, can only result in immediate expulsion from the affiliation.

The same policy applies to the use of drugs. Spearhead will not tolerate the presence of drugs at its events and functions. "It's impossible to police what people do in their own time, away from Spearhead. But any member exhibiting a Spearhead patch, or present at an official Spearhead gathering, who is found to be in possession of any unprescribed drug, is the hottest target of all for dismissal from the organization."

There's a refreshing community awareness within the Spearhead affiliation. Contrary to popular opinion that L/L groups are interested in no more than parties, booze and sex, Spearhead has become increasingly involved in charitable projects. A special Spearhead committee name HAC (Have-a-Care) now exists for this very purpose. Its contributions to the surrounding community, both straight and gay, are

already noteworthy. Over the past two or three Christmas seasons, literally hundreds of toys (as well as cash donations) have been acquired and distributed among needy families. Dozens of underprivileged kids have been sent to summer camp. Senior citizens have been provided with clothing and given special assistance. And more. Members on this committee are not elected or appointed. They are Spearheaders who *volunteer*.

What else do Spearhead members do? They socialize with their fellow colleagues at scheduled general meetings. They hear, first hand, details of future plans and activities. Voice their views. Obtain reduced rates and courtesy shelter on Spearhead-sponsored group travel. Receive bi-monthly news, as well as bulletins relating to other L/L organizations. And they support enthusiastically Spearhead's annual Labour Day Weekend run, "Round-up," a three-and-a-half day event purported to be one of the best on the North American continent—usually sold out weeks in advance.

You'll find that Spearhead members range in age from the 20's to the 50's,

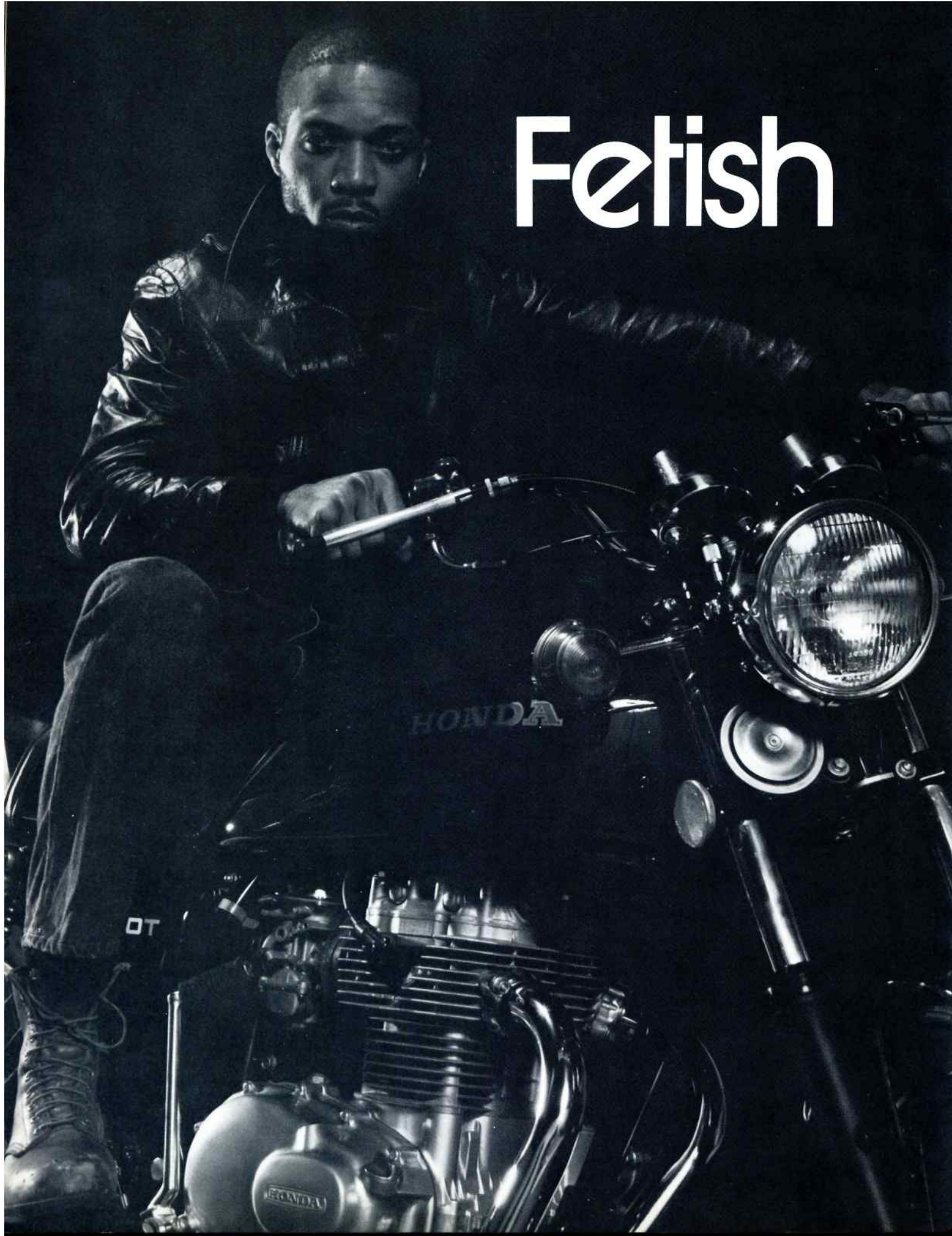
and represent almost any profession that might come to mind. Sales Manager. Professor. Accountant. Pressman. Writer. Mechanic. Designer. Director. Musician. Rancher. For many of them, The Spearhead is their first L/L connection. Others also belong to smaller, more family-type L/L clubs.

The close fellowship exhibited by Spearhead members is truly unique in the Toronto gay community. It is unlikely that you could match it in any public tavern, or lounge, or discotheque, or private party. It undoubtedly comes from over seven years of practice, trial and error. Besides they are Toronto's original, oldest and largest levi/leather organization, and are mighty proud of it.

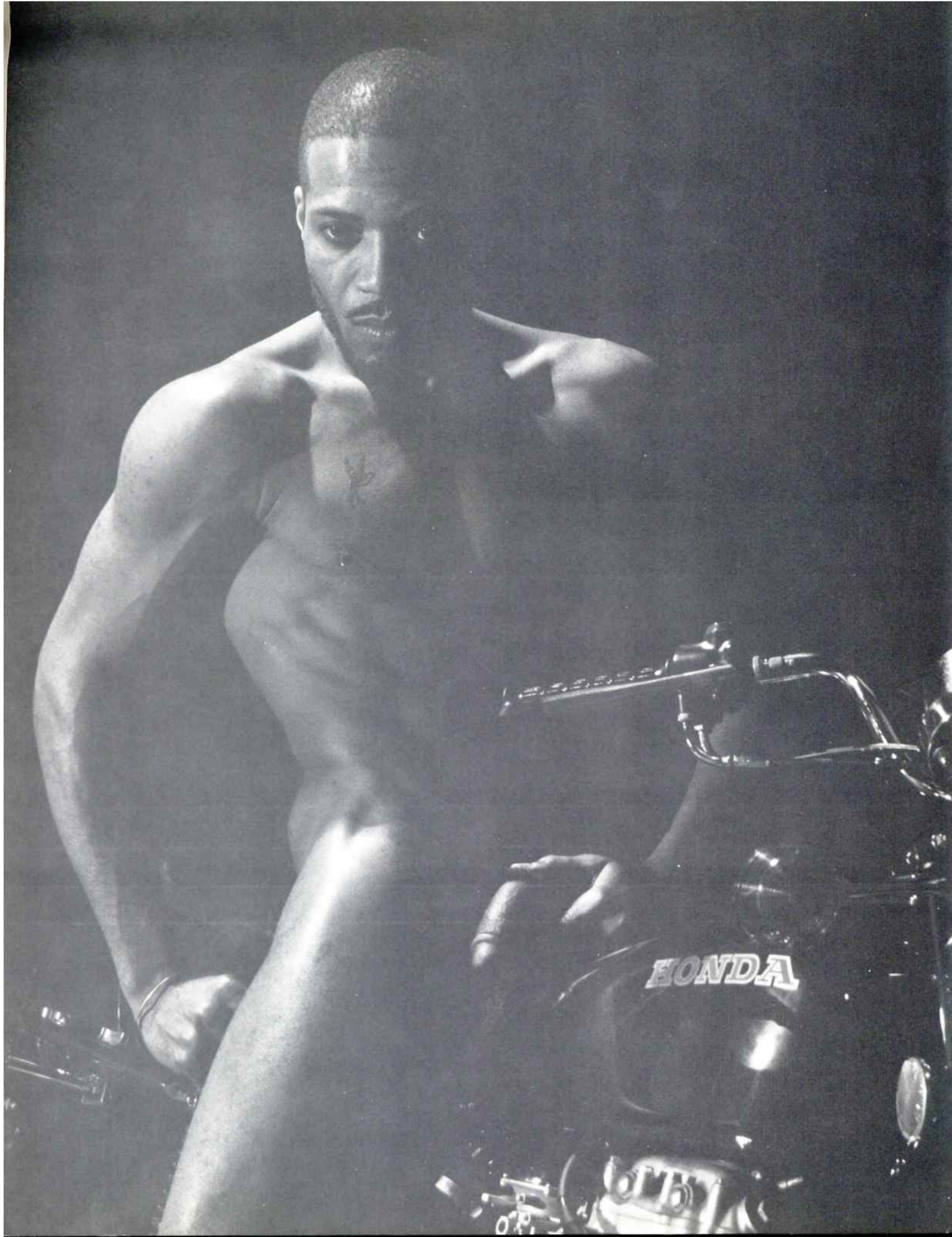
Underneath that black shiny leather, the well-weathered jeans... or the beige college cords... the Spearhead 'villain,' whether biker or beer hall cowboy, is found to be as human and interesting a person as you will meet anywhere. You may not agree with all of his tastes. Chances are you will, with many of them. But if you don't, have no fears. The only thing he's apt to 'knock down' is another pint of his favourite beer. ■

—from *The Spearhead Executive*

Fetish











Jan Dorland

Squeeze a fruit for Anita



The first thing that I can remember about Anita Bryant is that she was one hell of a singer. I imagine that at that time she must have just been chosen runnerup for the Miss America title; anyway, she was on a U.S. naval aircraft carrier and I think President Kennedy was there too. She sang "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" and she was sensational: you really believed that Truth was marching on. You knew that with her on our side we could beat Khrushchev and Castro and that the Blacks would have a fair chance. Today, the first thing that I think about Anita Bryant is that she is one hell of a slinger.

I still have respect for her because she's a gutsy lady. She really believes that she is right. And she is not alone. "Save Our Children," is her new watchword—and she's saving them from us. It's a clever and very powerful slogan. It strikes deep into the heart of motherhood. A mother's arms seek to protect her children from the fear of the unknown and, to Anita, homosexuality is a word still muttered in the dark. Her view of homosexuality is still the lispig faggot or the brutal queer... we are not yet normal. And Anita Bryant stands for all that is normal.

She lives in Dade County, Florida. In that county are the cities of Fort Lauderdale and Miami plus many smaller towns. Estimates of the gay population of the area range from 50,000 to 225,000 excluding all the tourists that rush down for the sun and fun. That's a lot of gays.

Recently Dade County Commissioners voted to revise their law which excluded human rights to homosexuals in the areas of housing and employment (rights free to everyone else). Their vote was 6 to 3 in favour of removing the ban and, for the first time in Dade County, gays had rights too. Dade County was not the first government to extend fair housing and/or equal employment to gays—38 other cities and counties in the U.S.A. and Canada have already done it, notably Toronto, Washington D.C., Minneapolis and San Francisco.

Any law implemented independently by Dade County Commissioners must be brought to a public vote if a member

of the community submits a petition with ten thousand signatures denouncing the new law. Anita Bryant denounced the law. Through publicity appearances on radio, television and public meetings she was able to raise a petition with not ten, but *sixty* thousand names. The battle is on.

By appealing to 'mother-and-apple-pie' Ms. Bryant is waging a very successful campaign to strip gays of their newly acquired rights. Her basic premise is that because gays are not self-perpetuating they must recruit young people to become gay. Many people believe her. It is this premise that we, as gays, must contradict. But how? Simply by standing up and denying it is one way, but it does seem a bit ineffectual for us to do that (after all, what do we have to lose? we've already been recruited). Somehow we have to strike back with both facts and sentiment.

Anita Bryant is a master of sentiment. She has based her career (and it is a very successful career) on being believed and liked. She is a sunshine girl full of vitamin C. She has gays firmly defined as child recruiters and sees us as nothing else. She has worked with gays she admits, but working with them is much different than living with them. She is afraid that with out-of-the-closet gay role models in the schools and other public bodies children will think that same-sex sex is a natural way of life. And she and the other mothers of America want grand-children. This is the premise that she is presenting to the voters, and on June 7th, \$400,000 will be spent on an electoral decision.

Unfortunately there is a major flaw in her argument. She is not fighting *gay* rights. She is fighting *minority* rights. Miami Metro Commissioner Ruth Shack, who sponsored the ordinance, said that she was confident that the county's voters would "see that this measure deals with a simple issue: that of human rights of a minority, and that they would come out and vote in June." The Boston Advocates for Human Rights put the situation in a much more emphatic focus: "This is an issue of human rights. We are just the ones

targeted now for attack. What's happening here is more than an attack on gay people. What we are seeing is an attack on minorities. It's important to bring home to the people that Anita Bryant is attacking a minority in the same way that Hitler attacked the Jews and Nero attacked the unpopular minority of the day, the Christians."

Because she has made gays the brunt of her attack, she is becoming the brunt of ours. Those of us who do not live in Dade County have two ways of expressing our dissatisfaction with her campaign. One is a Florida Orange boycott. The other is by sending letters disapproving of her activities to her employers.

Her campaign has already "cost" her. A television talk show for the Singer Sewing Machine Company for which she was to be hostess, was dropped by the company because of her "controversial political activities." She was blacklisted but not defeated. The show has now been re-scheduled but Ms. Bryant has now known what it is to be discriminated against for her way of life and political sensibility. Although they have received many letters denouncing her activities, the Florida Orange Growers have expressed no dissatisfaction with her politics and are continuing to use her in their commercials. Whether the boycott of Florida oranges will affect their decision is yet to be seen.

Anita Bryant has gone out on a limb and is in danger of having it cut off from behind her. She has become the token on the top of the pole and if we can publicize her own misinformation, perhaps we can reach those both in Dade County and the rest of the country who empathize with her. We must fight her misinformation with information—but first we must have attention. In a way she has been a unifying force for gays... she has given us both a cause and attention. We must use it sensibly. Our victories in the gay cause have been against discrimination, yet here we are finding that we ourselves must discriminate. It would have been a lot easier if they had asked Charles Nelson Reilly to push oranges. ■



And now...

As far back as I can remember I have had some rather kinky ideas about sex. Perhaps it was being raised on a military base, with a father who ran his household in the same manner as he did his company. Command and it will be done without question. Perhaps it was those times outside of military service when dad was a member of the police force and I overheard some rather juicy tales of violence. Perhaps it was the strict religious upbringing—I always admired St. Stephen agonisingly bound to a post, naked and shot full of arrows by a squad of hunky Roman soldiers. Who cares? The fact remains that the desire for the S/M experience was ever-present, but it was also suppressed.

Some years ago, having just arrived in San Francisco, my lover and I were invited to a rather swinging party. Everyone was there, from the fluffy-sweater college boys to the financial district suit-and-tie set, from the fashionably 'in' people to a few drag queens. There was one guy in full leathers. My lover left early (he had to work), leaving the usually quiet and shy me to fend for myself.

I spent hours trying to catch the leatherman's eye. Nothing seemed to work. At one point he slipped out of the main party room and headed downstairs. I followed, but lost him in the lower level. Deciding not to give up, I began to open each door along the hallway until I found him. What a surprise! The room was lit by a single candle and I could barely see a naked young man chained to the brass bed. The guy in leather smiled and slowly came over to the door.

"Sorry man," he said as he gently closed the door, "but don't worry... it'll come to you... soon."

His prediction, of course, came true, although it took several years. And contrary to public opinion, my initiation into S/M did not take place in such exotic cities as San Francisco, Los Angeles or New York, but in Toronto.

Mind you, it was perhaps my fault. I had a lover for some nine years and could not bring myself to participate in anything that would leave the marks of my unfaithfulness. Oh yes, I tried several times on those occasions when he was away on business. But something always came in the way.

I remember once in Febe's, a notorious San Francisco leather bar at the time, standing next to a tall number who was wearing leather from head to toe. His jacket held a studded belt which at one point I stood holding. Suddenly someone took my arm and pulled me to one side.

"I thought I'd better warn you," he said. "I don't think you know what you're getting into!"

My lover and I split up a few years ago in Toronto. He returned to the States, while I took the opportunity to 'come out.'

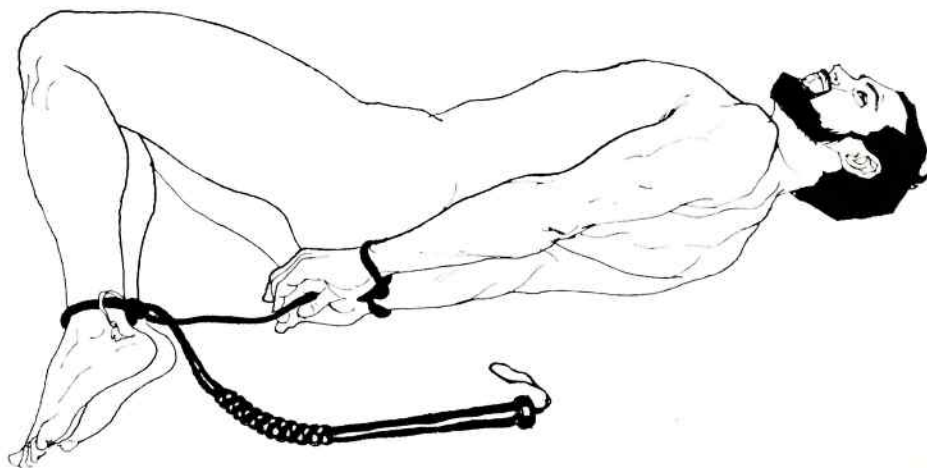
The S/M scene takes on a different tone in Toronto, compared to that of other better known cities. In some areas over the border, things are quite open. I have even seen a Master walking his slave on a collar and chain in broad daylight in San Francisco. That sort of thing would rarely happen here. Certain bars in New York are known as strictly S/M and some of the goings-on would

curl your hair if you happened in by mistake. No such place exists in Toronto—although you might hear the sound of the odd swoosh of a belt at The Barracks.

No, in Toronto things are mainly done by 'referral.' A friend who knows your preferences and capacities will introduce you to someone. Or you check the ads in *The Advocate*—Toronto is well represented—*Tab*, or believe-it-or-not, *The Star* ("Interested in leathercraft" doesn't mean he makes smart handbags).

True, there are signs you can look for in bars. The key-bit is widely used here. However, I notice that almost everyone has started to wear keys at the Parkside and, let's face it baby, elevator boots and a chiffon scarf indicate more to me than those keys on the left of your St. Laurent jeans.

Then, a few years ago, a group in New York came out with a list of coloured hankies and their meanings. Each colour was assigned a specific act or desire. For example, grey means bondage, black means pain and torture, red means the fist, etc. It was really intended as a joke, but it caught on and, particularly in Toronto, hankies were 'in.' Can you believe that a recent house magazine picked up in the room of a major hotel chain showed the back pocket of a pair of jeans, complete with red hankie. I couldn't tell if it was the left or right-hand pocket, but I'm sure Holiday Inn has no idea what it means.



in Toronto the Good?

by Terry Williams

What Toronto needs is a good leather/denim bar. But considering licensing procedures that will be a long time coming. Until then, we make do with the way things are.

So where do you find men who are into the scene? In truth, they are everywhere. As I said before, check out the ads. Keep your eyes open in the bars, but don't ask me what you are to look for. I can't explain it, really. I suppose it's the same thing that happens between two men who recognize that they both are gay when they meet in a straight social situation. The vibes are right. One of the best times I've had came from an encounter at the Maygay. Standing by the fire door at the back, I really wasn't paying attention to anything. Suddenly a chap stood facing me.

"Sir," he said quietly, with down-cast eyes, "I'd like to be your slave."

I wasn't even wearing my leathers. But despite the fact that the Master role is not the one I usually take, I decided that this particular time I'd switch. We went to his place and his collection of restraints and toys proved rather interesting.

Again, at a straight cocktail lounge in one of the best hotels in Toronto, I met a foreign diplomat who came on quite strong. He could not be called a part of the S/M scene by any means, but he liked his sex rough and proved quite commanding.

Many guys in Toronto are really into it in a heavy way. There are some who have built dungeons in their basements, complete with hooks and chains for the suspension of their partners. Others attempt to make do with their apartment or condominium... macrame plant holders are not the only things to hang from those ceiling hooks. Still others take pleasure in trips out of town—the ads help here.

I must say that some of the ads I've answered have been a complete bust. But that's the chance you take. One of the best took me to Ottawa for the weekend. I was given complete instructions over the phone, how to get there, how to approach the apartment, how to dress, what to say when I rang the apartment.

It was the first time I had answered an ad and I felt a little trepidation as I approached the place. The ad had appeared in a U.S. publication which had limited circulation and I figured that I could trust a subscriber to that magazine. When I entered the apartment, he was seated behind a desk facing the door. I was told to strip, but leave on the boots and jacket. Following several enemas, I was bound hand and foot, blindfolded and wrapped in a giant leather sheet. I was placed on the bed and instructed to work my way out of the sheet and over to my Master. It was a symbolic gesture, coming from the leather cocoon, the womb, into his world. He completely took over from that point. Whatever he wanted to do, I could not, did not, refuse. We went on for the entire weekend. I should interject that there was some humour. His roughness could be softened by sudden concern, his heavy hand lightened by a display of genuine love. And I remember one time he fed me a beautiful wine and some imported caviar while I listened to Wagner—still chained and blindfolded.

There are, of course, some dangers inherent to this type of sex. You must be able to trust your partner. One thing I have appreciated about Toronto is that the friends I have made are quick to point out dangerous characters to me should they feel I'm unaware. And there are several around town. It pays to know exactly with whom you're making it and exactly what he's into.

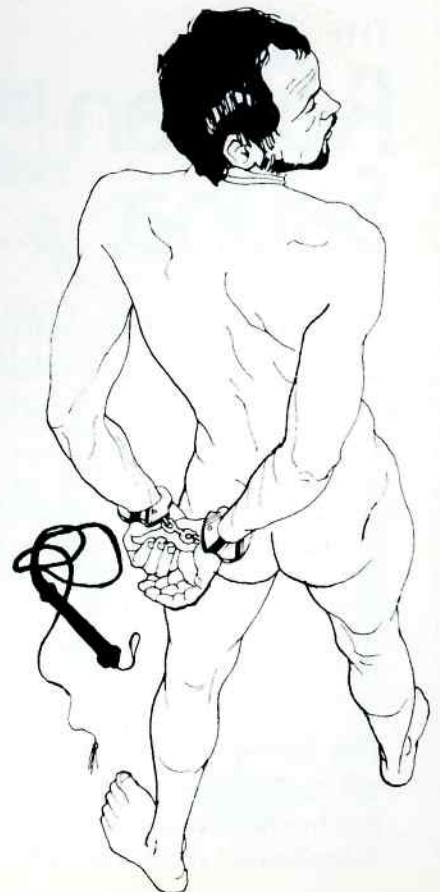
I have not mentioned any of the several clubs in Toronto, such as The Lanyards, York Town, Trojans and The Spearhead, which appear to espouse brusque aspects of the male mystique. Although it is popularly believed that members of these clubs are into heavy bruising, the conception is not necess-

arily true. Within a large group can be found many, often polar, attitudes. The purpose of the clubs is to respect *all* attitudes. They make good friends.

It is an odd scene in Toronto. In reality, S/M is very much underground. But I don't have to worry about that now. My lover and I have been together ever since the night he kneed me in the balls at the Colonial a year-and-a-half ago. From time to time, we might pick up a third party and share toys and experiences, but for the most part we just stick to ourselves.

See you around! ■

Terry Williams is the pseudonym of a well-known Toronto publicist and writer. After having been tied up in the U.S.A. for several years, Williams left the restrictive bonds of American self-aggrandizement for the less political shackles of Canadian disunity. Besides English, he also communicates in French and Greek.



be the original farmhouse of the area. **Mark Whitehead** of Gay Youth Toronto, and a starving student (he looks pretty healthy to me) tended bar. John has been teaching Canada's first graduate course in homosexuality from a gay perspective at **OISE** (Ontario Institute for Studies in Education), and the course credit may be applied towards a Masters or Ph.D. degree in education.

On Wednesday March 23rd, the **Unit One Pioneers** at Workworth medium-security facility at Campbellford Ontario, had this writer as its speaker for the evening. At the end of an interesting evening of conversation and questions, the 20 or more people in attendance (out of a population of 400) had coffee and sandwiches. One non-gay, a great big pleasant guy, came to find out what it was all about. A lovely work of art, made in the craft-shop by Larry W., was presented to me in appreciation. I was deeply touched by this gesture. Stan, of **TAG**, kindly drove me to Workworth where he is a fairly regular visitor. Randy Glynn is the one of those responsible for the formation of the organization, a great person doing a great job. Our thanks to Mr. A. Boothroyal, Assistant Director of Socialization and Bill Palmer, Psychologist (Bill attended the meeting) for their co-operation and assistance in making this group and this meeting possible.

Gay Montreal reports the existence of another gay group in a prison at Cowansville, Quebec. **L'Enigme** holds meetings every two weeks in the Catholic chapel and is now in its second year of operation. **Fernand Cloutier** is the man to contact for more information.

Good news for all gays: **Hassle Free Clinic** at 201 Church St. which according to Joe McNernay, the director, diagnoses and treats over 5% of all syphilis cases in Canada, besides others, and specializes in treating and helping gays, has finally received a grant from the Ontario government which will cover 85% of the clinic's 1977 budget of \$73,000. However, this grant is just for one year and the whole process will have to be repeated next year. **Alderman Anne Johnston** was a real leader in the fight at city council for interim funds and **Margaret Campbell** (Lib. St. George), **Frank Vasilkioti** (P.C. candidate in St. George), and **Jan Dutzka** (NDP member of the legislature) all pressured the Ontario government on behalf of Hassle Free. V.D. checks at Hassle Free are thorough and the follow-up good. The clinic also conducts a weekly blood-testing clinic at the Club Baths and at the Barracks which has proved very successful. It is hoped that this service can be extended to other baths in Toronto.

A new **Lesbian Organization** of

Toronto (**LOOT**) has been formed and an open-house that was attended by several hundred women was held at their offices at 342 Jarvis Street, on Saturday March 12. On display in the basement were the presses of **The Other Woman**, a feminist newspaper. Displays by The Woman's Bookstore, the newly-formed Women's Credit Union, and Wages for Housework were featured. The Three of Cups Coffee House for women is also at this address. **LOOT** was born out of a series of open meetings held at the **CHAT** hall, convened after the **National Lesbian Conference** was held in Ottawa in October 1976, and it now holds meetings for women only, at 4 pm on the last Sunday of every month at 342 Jarvis St. Toronto.

The **Sexuality Workshops** formed at **CHAT** are very successful. Particularly the women's workshop which has attracted a large enrolment. The men's group is smaller, but both groups are enthusiastic about the programme.

The congregation at **MCC Toronto** welcomed its new pastor, **Rev. John Ayres** on Sunday April 3rd. John has come to Toronto from Tampa, Florida. He was raised in the American Midwest and is a graduate of Stanford University in California. He also attended Law School at the University of Indiana, the Episcopal Theological Seminary in Austin, Texas, and the Episcopal Counselling Centre in Tampa, Florida. He was

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licensed to the Ministry in the Fellowship of Metropolitan Community Churches in August of 1976.

The Committee to Defend John Damien is holding a special meeting on Saturday April 16th from 1 to 6 pm at the CHAT hall, 201 Church St. Toronto, and all interested individuals and organizations are invited to attend. Discussion will centre around how to build support for the case, how to ensure a continued flow of funds, and how to strengthen the core-group of supporters in Toronto. A wine and cheese party will follow from 6 to 8 pm.

With the help of writer and filmmaker **John Hofsess** (who wrote the article about John Damien for Weekend Magazine), the Committee is hoping to stage a telethon in the fall. **Pierre Berton, Barbara Frum** and **June Callwood** have already agreed to appear, and other prominent personalities are being approached.

Trent University Homophile Association in Peterborough staged a forum on **Homosexuality and Society**. Speakers included **T.E.W. Nind**, President of Trent U., who in the course of his remarks declared that there would be no discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation toward staff or students at Trent; **Ms. G. Sandeman**, the NDP MPP for Peterborough, also spoke out strongly for gay rights. Other speakers were **Prof. L. Beach**, who spoke about

Psychology and Homosexuality, **Ms. B.J. Danylehuk**, a law student at Carlton U. in Ottawa, who spoke on the law, and **Brent Hawkes**, of MCC Toronto, who spoke about the position of Christian churches. **Chris Fox**, a lesbian (billed as a Dyke Extraordinaire) and a worker for CHAT in its formative years, who is now living with 3 other women in the countryside, gave the audience insight on the subject of the woman-defined-woman. Chris was humorous, tough, direct and informative. In other words, she hasn't changed. I rounded out the panel by attempting to give the audience a review of the past, present and perhaps the future of the Gay Movement in Canada and elsewhere. For a group that is only in its first year, the lesbians and gay men at Trent have taken giant steps in bringing Gay Liberation to Peterborough.

Windsor Gay Unity announces a victory, in that Windsor City Council has passed a resolution by a vote of 4 to 3, prohibiting discrimination against gays employed by the City of Windsor. This resolution had the full support of both the unions representing city employees. Windsor now joins Toronto and Ottawa in protecting their gay workers.

Around the Courts: **Jose Silva**, the 16 year old hustler (who looks 21), pleaded guilty to second-degree murder on the second day of his trial for the murder of

42 year old **Hugh Armstrong**. Silva who openly boasted to fellow prisoners about his actions received an automatic life sentence with no possibility of parole before serving at least 10 years. At that time he will probably be deported to his native Brazil. Although press reports created the impression that Silva was Armstrong's 'lover,' court observers realized that this was not the case. Silva's guilty plea prevented the hearing of evidence from former operators of Toronto's "Male Modeling" agencies and their actions before and after the murder. It was alleged that one of the former operators hid Silva in Peterborough for a few days then paid his bus fare to Winnipeg. Silva had returned with stolen articles, some of which were found in Silva's home. Silva met Armstrong originally in the Yonge-Grosvenor area. Armstrong had also patronized the model and escort services in the past.

In the trial of **Joe Donoghue**, 28, which lasted nine days, an all-male jury, after deliberating for 17 hours, brought in a verdict of manslaughter. Donoghue was accused of murdering and dismembering the body of **Carmen Allgrove**, 40, of London, Ont. Donoghue testified that after picking up Allgrove in St. James Cathedral Park across the street from his apartment, he invited him home. Donoghue had talked to Allgrove in the park on previous occasions. It was a wet

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night and Allgrove had no place to stay, so Donoghue offered him a place. During sex, Allgrove seemed to turn off and was not willing to reciprocate, and Donoghue asked him to leave. Donoghue then stated that Allgrove returned from the kitchen with a hunting knife and threatened him. A struggle ensued in which Donoghue gained possession of the knife and the stabbing to death followed. Donoghue has been remanded for 60 days to the Hospital for the Criminally Insane in Penetang, for a pre-sentence report. The maximum penalty for manslaughter is life imprisonment. However, there is no minimum sentence.

Metro Homicide officers, **Sergeant B. Nadeau** and **Sgt. J. Fantino** have informed us a \$10,000 reward has been offered for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the killer of **Brian Latocki** on Jan. 22 of this year.

The police have no new leads on the murder of **James Kennedy**, a 49 year old civil servant who, like Latocki, was also last seen at the **St. Charles** on Sept. 20, 1976, and the case of **Harold (Hal) Watley**, 51, who was killed in his apartment on Feb. 18, 1975 after leaving the Quest is still unsolved.

All these murders have common elements in the methods used to kill the victim and they have strong resemblances to murders of gay men in Burlington, Ont. and Vancouver, B.C.

Might we make a suggestion: if you are into picking up hustlers or people that you might be a little suspicious of, why not take them to the baths? Rent a room for them and you take a locker. Check your valuables at the desk. Then when your *tete-a-tete* is completed you leave and let them spend the rest of the night at the bath. If they give you any hassles, help is at hand. Also they can't return to bother you or rob you in your home at some future date. It's worth the small extra expense—believe me.

After nearly five years of trying, **CHAT** finally got the TTC to lower the partitions in the toilets of the **Bloor-Yonge Subway Station**. R.B. Kelly, Manager-Marketing and Community Relations, and Ernie Schwarz of **CHAT** are the men to thank. The partitions now go from a few inches above the floor to a few inches below the ceiling. Cruising has fallen off drastically and so have arrests, although one man has been charged for indecently exposing himself at the urinals. Partitions are also required there.

There were 13 arrests in January, 9 in February, and 6 in March of this year in the Subway, and a TTC report issued in January quoted the following figures: "The indecent acts more than doubled in 1976, to 223 from 92 in 1975. This includes 205 incidents in the subway compared to 88 in 1975." These indecent acts include indecent exposure by

heterosexuals, but a large number are subway toilet arrests.

Discussions have been held with the police about the problems being created by sexual activity in the washrooms in the **Hudson's Bay Centre's** lower concourse. The washroom in the **Cumberland Terrace** at Yonge and Bloor has recently been locked. The Bay Centre is under heavy observation, and already activity has diminished considerably. Stay away unless you want to be the first on your block to be arrested. Patience is wearing thin.

Over at the **International Steam Bath** on Spadia Ave, 3 stalwart officers from #14 division (west from Spadina Ave.) chose March the 11th to re-visit the site of the Feb. 10th arrests of 4 men and this time they doubled their bag. Sgt. Samuels, P.C. Coling and P.C. Farrarin, charged seven men with indecently assualting them and with committing indecent acts in a public place. This was all dutifully reported in the **Toronto Star** complete with names, ages and address. An eighth person was also arrested but only charged with committing an indecent act. Accusations of entrapment have been made by some of those charged and enquiries are being made into this. In the February 10th bust, three men who were observed having sex together in the TV room pleaded guilty in Provincial Court to "committing an indecent act in a public place" and were

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given conditional discharges. The fourth man faces charges of indecent assault male against another customer.

A new **Young Offenders Bill** is soon to be introduced in Parliament and a booklet outlining the proposed changes is available from the Solicitor General of Canada's office. This new bill will replace the existing Juvenile Delinquents Act and it will remove the Juvenile offense of "sexual immorality." This section permitted girls and boys who were "unmanageable" to be charged and perhaps committed to Training Schools. It was mostly used against juvenile girls for both homosexual and heterosexual sexual acts and against homosexual boys. Heterosexual sex acts by boys, unless extreme, were seldom dealt with under this section. There is no corresponding adult offense and it rightfully should be dropped. The offense of contributing to juvenile delinquency will also be abolished, as the concept of being a "delinquent" is being scrapped. The age of criminal responsibility is being raised from 7 years of age to 12 years of age. This means that children under 12 cannot be brought to trial in a court of law.

While we are on the subject of **juveniles and the law**, maybe we should clear up a few questions about homosexuals acts with those under 21 years

of age: Boys and Girls—under 14 years old *cannot give consent* to a sexual act. In the case of boys you will be charged with Indecent Assault upon them. The maximum penalty is 10 years. *Remember, their consent is not a defense.* A male having sex with a girl under 14 faces penalty of life in prison. A woman sexually involved with a girl under 14 could conceivably be charged with Indecent Assault female. Maximum penalty, 5 years.

Boys, 14 and 15 years old are juveniles in Ontario and you both could be (and probably would be) charged with Gross Indecency. Maximum penalty 5 years. The younger person would appear in Juvenile Court.

If you are involved with youths sixteen to twenty the chances of your being prosecuted, for consenting relations in private are pretty slim, although it is illegal for persons under 21 years of age to participate in homosexual acts. The fact that you are an adult at 18 does not alter the Criminal Code.

With **David Balfour Park** now open, may we ask you to report any muggings to *Directions*, *CHAT*, or to the police at #53 Division J (Yonge at Montgomery—two streets above Eglinton). The police are anxious to protect you, but unless you report attacks there is nothing they can do. Unlike us, they can't be there all the time. Young thugs with flashlights are now aware of the park

and several people were badly beaten up and robbed there last year.

The latest issue of *Body Politic* features an article by Paul Trollope, a law student at Osgoode Hall (York University) on the bath situation in Ottawa and the impact which the bawdy house laws can have on all gays who frequent the baths, and on the issue of sexual freedoms generally. (Incidentally: 16 of 22 men charged as found-ins in the Ottawa Club Bath raid had their charges withdrawn when the crown attorney erred—the other 6 had hastily pleaded guilty months ago—something one should never do.)

Closing on a happier note: A wonderful line used by Craig Russell on a recent CBC radio interview completely devastated his hosts (and my lover who was listening); Craig, using a Bette Davis voice, said to Tallulah Bankhead, "Why do you drink so much?" and then responded in Tallulah's voice, "Dahling—it helps to pass the time until I get drunk." ■

This column appears regularly as a source of news for readers who are not involved in the Toronto gay scene, or who might otherwise be out of touch with Toronto happenings of interest to gay men. The column is not intended to promote any group or commercial establishment. However, if your group or business has something to say to the gay community, let us know. If anything new or different is happening anywhere on the Southern Ontario gay scene, we will attempt to inform you about it.

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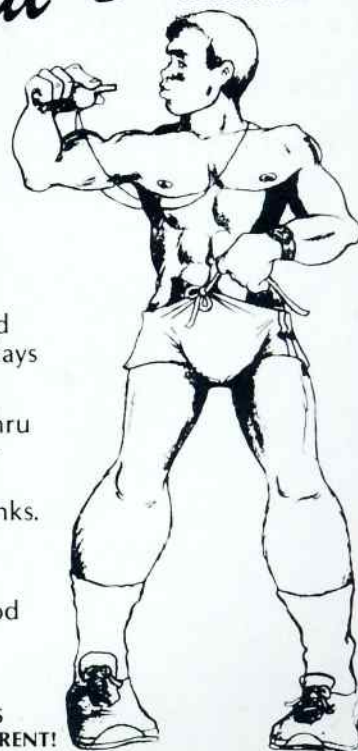
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Education Directions for Success

by Peter Bochove

If you read the first issue of *Directions*, you are now familiar with the dangers of failing at being gay. You are aware that being gay is not as easy as it looks, that you must have a complete understanding of etiquette, manner, dress and decorum if you wish to be successful.

Many people who read that first article have spoken to me since its publication. It seems that I frightened a lot of people who, until reading my column, believed themselves to be both practiced and comfortable at being gay. I would like to take this opportunity to apologize to these people. It was never my intention to undermine their self confidence. The article was not meant to frighten, it was meant to educate. If reading this column frightens you, stop now.

So what, if all your friends desert you? So what, if your family won't have anything more to do with you? So what, if all your pets run away from home in shame? So what, if gay places in town refuse you service? Put it out of your mind! Stop reading this column!

Understanding leather and denim

I must confess, that I am not an expert in this field. Aside from owning a pair of blue jeans, I have never really paid a great deal of attention to the whole leather and denim scene. The closest I have ever come to leather was a vinyl leatherette coat I owned some years ago. I realize that it was not the real thing, but still, I feel that with the number of times I stroked it, I should have felt some excitement. I didn't. So I decided not to spend the money for a real leather coat and gave up the whole thing.

Not being an expert has not deterred me from writing this article, however. I am a great believer that research will answer any questions; therefore, I have devoted about ten minutes to intensive research and have come up with enough material to write this informative article.

Where to go

If you wish to meet leather and denim persons, you just cannot go anywhere to look for them. Leather persons hang out in places where they can dress up. The Barracks is a good place. So is the St. Charles or the Triangle Club... and the Parkside is always a sure bet. Don't look for them at David's, Studio II or the Manatee. Two reasons: first, they never, never go there and, second, almost all of them would be very embarrassed if you were to find them there.

How to talk to a leather person

Acceptable opening lines:

1. I love your jackboots! Want to ram them in my face?
2. Do you use that nice belt for whipping people?
3. Tell me, do you think the theatre's really dead?

Unacceptable opening lines:

1. Is that real leather?
2. I'll take you home and sew up all those rips in your jeans.
3. You aren't a sadist, are you?

Acceptable opening lines are self-explanatory, but the unacceptable ones deserve some comment. Leather persons always wear real leather. If they do not, they are vinyl persons, who are generally shunned by society, and you should not talk to them. Do not offer to sew up a leather person's jeans. It has taken him years to get them like that and, besides, all leather persons are deathly afraid of needles. Never ask leather persons if they are sadists. They will deny it and then hit you. Sometimes, when they hit you, they laugh.

How to pass for a leather person

If your interest in the leather and denim scene extends beyond finding out about it, you might want to try it. To the novice, it must seem like a new and scary adventure filled with complications. Not so. It's simple.

First you must alter your appearance. Go out and break your nose. Throw out your Mary Quant makeup. Let your blond hair go back to its normal colour and stop shaving your chest. Grow a mustache if you can and shave every three days instead of every two hours. Use a dull blade for scar purposes. Take male hormone treatments and practice talking in a deep voice. Read up on Judy Garland and begin addressing your friends as 'Mary' or 'Miss Thing.'

Basically, there are three types of leather persons. I have outlined them below. You can read it over and select the type you want to be.

(A) The Moderate Leather Person

The moderate leather person does not *always* wear leather. He usually wears the following: a denim or leather short jacket, a checked shirt (open just far enough to show chest hair), tight blue jeans (generally old and worn), and tan work boots. He might have handkerchiefs hanging out of his pockets. The general appearance is understated masculinity with an air of mystery.

(B) The Intermediate Leather Person

The intermediate leather person *always* wears leather: leather pants instead of blue jeans, leather jacket, lots and lots of silver chains, denim or leather shirt, and jackboots—topped by a chi-chi motorcycle cap, also made of leather. Again, handkerchiefs may hang out of his pockets. The general appearance is mean and masculine.

(C) The Extreme Leather Person

The extreme leather person *never* wears denim. He is easily distinguished by his full S.S. uniform and the opening line of his conversation, which is always, "You're not Jewish are you?" He has sexual fantasies about the Warsaw Ghetto and has a portrait of Adolph Hitler tattooed on his chest; on his back, a tattoo of Barbara Streisand.

The novice should acquaint himself with acceptable topics of conversation and research them so he does not look like a dummy.

Acceptable topics

Football, hockey, bowling, cockrings, needlepoint.

Unacceptable topics

Dancing, hairstyles, Simpsons-Sears catalogue, coloured underwear.

You must also be able to recognize a different language. Here follows a short dictionary with definitions. Please note: all definitions come from a reliable source I approached at Studio II.

Glossary

Watersports: Not sissy things like synchronized swimming. Masculine things like water skiing and snorkeling.

Crisco: The shortening. Used extensively in leather and denim bakeoffs as it gives the best result in cakes and pies.

Scat: Only used by leather and denim persons who like to scare small pussycats. Sometimes used at The Barracks during disappointing sex to order people out of a room.

Fist fucking: Masturbation, using your hand.

Nipple action: Making one's nipples dance in rhythm to the latest disco songs; leather and denim persons have this unique ability.

Poppers: Poor homosexuals, not necessarily leather and denim.

Master: Leather and denim person under the age of sixteen.

Slave: Out of fashion. Very big in U.S. before civil war among blacks into leather and denim. Cotton played a big part in this fetish as well.

In any case, now you know all about leather and denim. With a little practice, you will soon be really good at it. If you have any questions, drop me a line and I will try to answer them for you. I always like steering people in the right Directions. ■

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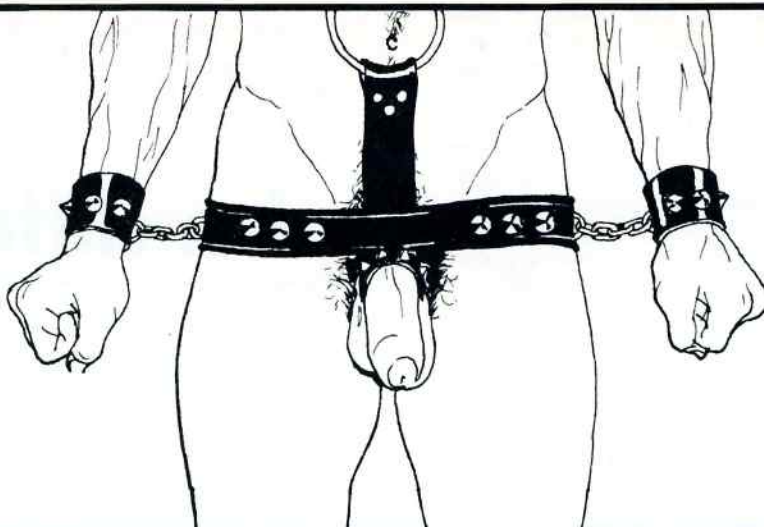
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i think a lot about fantasy
not fairy tales though i do believe in fairies
but sweat & balls &
chains and the rack

my naked body stretches on worn
hard wooden
platform as i staunchly refuse
to denounce my chiropractor is nothing sacred
to the masked leather-cloaked otherwise naked
hairy & hung torturers

tell us you love to suffer they growl
no i scream in masked delight suffering is sick

the rack creaks in tightened response and i grunt
in approval

we will increase your torture they smirk
will i never give in
you're despicable i yell in frenzied anticipation
i must be rewarded

you are lyink i hear the germanically methodical
tone & feel his leather cloak fall over my
naked & heavily sweating body which
arches in spasms under the comforter oh god
he knows he knows that i hate my chiropractor

i shall prove it he announces
how i parry panting at his oiled nakedness
as he removes his mask

oh god oh god he is my chiropractor
i just can't stay away from raunchy people

—Walt Atwood

Personal Directions

34 year old: into many things. Interested in physical communication with muscular athletes, massage, greek and french from both ends. Photo with reply receives same. D210

W/M, 28: masc. looking for entertaining evenings with same. Please send photo. D211

Wanted: records, sheet music, mags, piano rolls from 20's and 30's. D. Kelly, 292-2542. D213

Bi male, 37: wishes to meet bi couple in London area, or bi female. Reply to P.O. Box 954, Lambeth, Ontario. D215

Young W/M: seeks uniformed policeman for heavy greek and french sessions. Serious replies only. Photo a must. D216

W/M: 27, 5'6", fair haired, blue eyes, average looks, fairly intelligent, very interested in all types of music. Enjoys concerts. Would like to meet man with similar interests, same age or older. Serious replies only. D217

W/M, 5'8": age 28, 130 lbs., average looks, fairly intelligent. Interests include music, movies, walking, quiet times, partying (especially dancing). Would like to meet man same age or older with similar interests. Serious replies only. Photo if possible. D218

Masc. w/m: 23, 6', 175 lbs, moustache and good body, seeks hairy W/M to 40 for wild Greek, Fr., J/O, W/S and some S/M sessions. Open to your scene, heavy or otherwise. All serious replies with photo will be answered. D219

A professional man: mid thirties, into skiing, dining out, theatre, outdoor activities, am interested in sharing my experiences with a young blond, blue-eyed man. A photo would be appreciated. D222

27 yr. old man: masculine looking, interested in meeting young man aged 18 to 20 who is interested in all things entertaining. Photo would be appreciated. D223

White male: 28, masc-looking, interested in outdoors, music and good times. Please send recent photo of the real you. D224

2 young men: wish to share their charming fully-furnished older home. Danforth-Pape. Please call evenings, 465-5766. D228

Two: mature, intelligent and humorous men seek third to share a downtown house with ongoing renovations. D230

Letters: Enjoy receiving and sending hot correspondence. Nothing is too graphic for my mind. Discretion is not the better part of valour. D231

Hello: to all kinky animal lovers—also into water sports. Would love new contacts; quite versatile. D310

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Polaroids: I'm not interested in the hills and valleys of this earth. What do you have to offer? I'll show you mine if you show me yours. D232

36, Slim: 6' 155 lbs, redhead, fed up with searching, needs hung top man, but am versatile. No hang ups except no hard drugs, please. D234

Gay male: 50 years old, looking for gay businessman as lover to share my life and apt. No phoneys please. Will answer all letters. D300

W/M 29: 5'8", 165lbs. Masc. and fairly good looking. Ints. squash, tennis, skiing, gym etc. Am not average and not looking for average. Prefer policeman or policeman type. Have own business and can guarantee confidentiality. Photo appreciated. D301

Wrestler: 5'9", 155, 27, would like to meet others into wrestling. willing to act out any wrestling fantasy. D302

W/M, in Toronto: 26, seeks guys into being dominated with any number of activities being possible (W/S, B/D, etc.). D303

Newcomer: executive, 40, has fine two bedroom apt. to share with responsible, compatible individual. Nominal rent for right party. D304

Young man: 25, wants to meet blue-eyed blonde male 16-25 interested in having a good time. Photo appreciated. D305

Happy birthday, Betty B.: (that's not Boop) on the 19th you'll be 29 but we still love you anyway. The girls from Inf. and Tat. D306

SOUTH OF TUK: resumes publication in April. First issue features poetry collection "Left over Wine." Free advertising to subscribers. \$1.00 for introductory issue. SOUTH OF TUK, Box 1267, Station 'A', Toronto M5W 1G7. D307

Toronto's most versatile model: handsome, intelligent, masc. hairy bodybuilder, 27, willing and able to satisfy. Discreet. Jason, (416) 967-4672 or write Box D308.

I would like to meet: a masculine gay dude, 22-28, to share a 2 bedroom apt. in West Toronto beginning 1 July. I am 27, 5'8", 140 lbs. Please send photo and phone number. Also, I am not interested in anyone still into dope. D309.

Young model/escort: Brown eyes, brown hair, sensuous body will escort men or women anywhere in Canada or USA. I'm intelligent, creative, uninhibited and discreet. Also will pose by day, night or weekend. Nude photo \$3.00. Photo set \$12.00. Will also pose through the mails to whatever your liking. First ad. Toronto. D3111



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199 Church St. 2nd floor
Toronto, Ontario M5B 1Y7
(416) 862-1544

Dignity

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Toronto, Ontario M6H 4E2

Gay Academic Union

Box 396, Stn. K
Toronto, Ontario M4P 4E2

Gay Alliance at York

Office: 216 Vanier College Res.
(416) 667-3509, 667-3632
Mailing Address: c/o CYSF
Central Square, Rm. 105
York University
4700 Keele Street
Downsview, Ontario M3J 1P3

Gay Alliance Toward Equality

193 Carlton Street
Toronto, Ontario M5A 2K7
(416) 964-0148

Gay Equality Mississauga

Box 193, Stn. A
Mississauga, Ontario L5A 2Z7

Gay Youth Toronto

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Church St. Community Centre
519 Church St.

Ha Mischpacha (the family)

Gay Jewish Group
1179A Bloor St. W.
Toronto, Ontario
Call Harvey 463-1569
or Don 653-0498

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